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## The Golden Age

*Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian*

In a delightful sketch in the Christmas number of the *Century Magazine*, Elizabeth McCracken has given expression to experiences which many of us readers silently parallel in our own lives. "My Starry Solitudes" is a story of childhood, the secret dreams and visions, the very holy of holies of that beautiful age. But the child of this tale—fortunately or unfortunately—found the way to her starry solitudes more easily than most of us did. A grown-up hinted to her the secret that that solitude must be penetrated by none. Most of us had to discover *that* for ourselves. Most of us met some of the disillusionings of imagination even as we met its joys.

Well do I remember the experience that first taught me to bar the gate to my "starry solitudes". It was when I was but a very little girl. We lived at the foot of a hill; Margaret, my dearest playmate, one of a merry group of sisters, lived at the top of the hill. One morning early, as I was bending over my bed of pansies, from above in the east, out of the clear sky sounded a full chord, harmony more sweet than I had ever heard. In an instant I was up, drinking in the music with all my heart. Again and again from the blue sky echoed the tones; then lingeringly died the sound. Ah! I knew—it was—they were—*Saint Catherine and Saint Michael*—I was Jeanne D'Arc!

In a dream I ate my breakfast, in a dream I tripped to school; and I hugged to my heart my glorious message. That afternoon, as I descended the hill, from above again nearer

this time, sounded the strain. Now thin, now clear, now tremulous, now full, down the scale and up, the mystic music ran. The message was for me; what mission did it mean? It was no play, it was intensely real. *I believed*. Soon, soon, I thought I should know. Soon, soon, should my saints appear and tell me all. Again after dusk the tender voices spoke to me, and again the next day, and the next; many times each day, as I read, as I played, as I tended my flowers, they startled me.

Saturday came, and Margaret begged that I should "spend the day at her house". We romped all morning; so when it began to grow warm, tired out with play, we crept into the shade. The others had wandered off, and Margaret and I were alone. My dream was too beautiful; I must tell my friend. Wide-eyed, she listened to my story, and then in the midst—ah, there it was, close, close; Saint Michael and Saint Catherine, they were coming, coming *now*—hush!

And—oh, cruel!—Margaret was laughing, laughing uncontrollably.

"That! That!" she cried, "Why that's our new dinner gong!"

"Oh, Margaret," I cried, "You have driven them away. They are gone forever and ever; they are gone and I'll never hear them again."

But Margaret reassured me that "nobody would hurt the dinner gong", and to my earnest effort to convince her that, since I heard it at all hours of the day, it couldn't possibly be such a thing as a dinner gong, she replied that it was new, that Mary loved to play it, that *I* might play it too. And she drew me into the house, and straight up to the set of chimes. And when I still refused, indignantly to be sure, to surrender my faith, she ruthlessly, cruelly proceeded to play them. My voices—there they were in all their sweetness, sweet to me no more—my heavenly music, sounding brass! Poor "Jeanne D'Arc", she knew disillusion now.

Yet, even as the real Jeanne, though her cup seemed already full to overflowing, the measure of this "Jeanne's" humiliation was still incomplete. With her heart already pained to bursting, a yet more bitter grief was straightway

to befall her. For, before the assembled family, who, one by one had come in to dinner meanwhile, what should Margaret do but go and tell the whole proceeding. And they laughed, oh, how the children laughed at "Jeanne D'Arc". As for that great lady, her cheeks seem still to feel the flush that dyed them then. How she lived through the meal she never knew—she hadn't courage to look above her plate during the whole time. How was she to know, as now she does know, that the big man at the head of the table was smiling down at her, and that the kind lady's eyes were tender? She could only see disillusion—disillusion and treason. Her starry solitudes were ever to be *solitudes*.

Not only did the child of the essay find the way into her country of starry solitudes more easily than was given to most of us, but indeed after she had safely entered within, the travelling was for her easier than for most of us. Before her was ever the straight white path, with ever some guiding hand on her arm. But most of us roamed the mystic land at will, and far from any grown-up's ken. Sometimes we discovered wonderful fairy dells; sometimes we beheld mountains unscalable. In short, the author has described to us only the child's realization of the story books. We wish that she had not stopped there; we wish she had told us something of the child's *own* makebelieve. But whatever she may have omitted, what the author has told she has told charmingly, with a touch that is delicate, sure, and loving.

And so, it seems a pity that she holds the commonplace attitude in regard to those dreams of childhood, the air of regret that those days are past, the belief that that was the golden age. Surely, joyous as was her childhood, her womanhood is broader, deeper. "Tear-dimmed" is her vision? But do not tears mean charity? For—well "Jeanne D'Arc" now knows that if such sounds of beauty as those she once heard, can proceed from human hands through common brass, the real music of heaven is—beyond dreams. And she knows that now in disillusion, if she even fail to see that better truth beyond, she may indeed see other beauties elsewhere. She knows that now, whatever befall, if she see *naught else*, she shall yet see the sympathetic smile, the tender eye. And that is enough. The Golden Age is now.

## Development of the Libraries in North Carolina

*Esther Horn, '14, Cornelian*

The first settlers of North Carolina were not ignorant men nor were they unappreciative of the benefits of literature. They had come to the province for economic and political reasons; they were men who toiled for their daily bread—but they had libraries. As early as 1676 and 1680 we find “books” given a prominent place in inventories and wills. This indicates that they were not considered of little value or importance, nor is it probable that men who had no love for learning would have carried with them on such long journeys, idle and useless trumpery, from which they expected to derive no solace and help, no comfort and information. Books must be valued for their contents—they have no other value—and so they were esteemed by the colonists. It is also worthy of note that George Durant, one of the earliest known settlers, brought with him a copy of the Geneva Bible printed in 1599, indicating that it was an heirloom, and that his family was accustomed to some of the refinements of English life. Probably with this Bible, there came many other books of good and wholesome lore. Could we get at all the inventories and wills of the time, we should doubtless find many more books than those of which mention has come to us through the few records that remain of the life of our ancestors in the seventeenth century.

The first parish or public library of which we have any account dated from 1700. This library was due to the zeal of Rev. Dr. Thos. Bray, the founder and secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Dr. Bray it seems was given authority to select suitable missionaries for the colonies, and in doing so he tried to select men who could bring libraries with them. He recommended that each be supplied with a small but well selected library. But Dr. Bray did not confine his work to recommendations; of his own accord he gave and sent to North Carolina a library of books on the explanation

of the church catechism with some smaller books to be disposed of and lent as the missionaries here thought fit. This collection was worth 100 pounds. Here is the origin of the first public library ever established in North Carolina. It seems to have led a kind of peripatetic existence at first. It was finally established in Bath, which was "incorporated and made a township in March, 1705." Bath ceased to be important after the Indian War, and efforts were made to move the library to Edenton, but without success. It seems to have suffered somewhat from neglect and the hands of vandals who neither knew its value nor cared for its contents. In 1712, Rainsford, one of the early missionaries, says that it was "all lost by those wretches that do not consider the benefit of so valuable a gift." In 1714, Urmstone writes that the "famous library sent in by Dr. Bray is in a great measure destroyed. I am told the books are all unbound and have served for sometime as waste paper." But these statements were not entirely true, for an act was passed in 1715 for the preservation of the library. This was the only act passed before the proprietary period, encouraging literature and the only one relating to libraries passed in North Carolina before the Revolution. There are no other references to the Bath Library in the records or in the laws. Who the librarians were we do not know. To what extent it was used by the people we cannot say. Of its fortune and fate we are utterly ignorant. Right Rev. Joseph Blount Cheshire, bishop of the diocese of North Carolina, has suggested that this library came into the hands of Edward Moseley, and was the same as the library which he presented to the town of Edenton in 1723.

When Rev. James Adams departed from North Carolina about September, 1710, he left his library, which was valued at 10 pounds, in the care of Mr. Richard Sanderson, of Currituck. Two years later Rainsford demanded these books but Sanderson refused to surrender them unless the minister would settle in that precinct. This he would not do. Urmstone had also tried to secure Adams' library, which he found "safe and entire" but was denied it. "The precinct where the deceased last dwelt," he adds, "pretending the books belonged to them, would not part with them, except I would

live with them." Thus we see that not only one individual but the whole precinct was interested in this little collection of books. Mr. Sanderson held them as a sort of trustee for the community and church. Perhaps they were used by the old planter and his neighbors as their only source of learning, for we are told that no books had been sent to this precinct from England.

Urmstone had a library of his own, for he was a man of university education and the wealthiest of the missionaries. He wrote in 1714, that he brought 50 pounds worth of books with him, but that they had been destroyed through want of safe custody. He told us that Gordon brought books when he came out to North Carolina in 1708, but for some reason these books were left with Mr. Wallace, minister at Hampton, Va., who refused to deliver them to Urmstone or anyone else without an order from Mr. Gordon or the society. The library seems never to have come to North Carolina.

In 1712 Rainsford asked for books, saying he had not been able to receive any either from Sanderson or Wallace. A year later he complained that he had received no books for his own use; and in 1714 he wrote that Madame Hyde, the wife of the Governor, "sold me all the society's books committed to her care for eggs, and butter, when they were to be disposed of gratis, according to the interest of the society". He intimated that Urmstone had been doing this also. He seems to have been more interested in the use of books than any other one of the missionaries.

In 1720 Edward Moseley sent 10 pounds to the secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel with the direction that it be expended for twelve books of Common Prayer, twelve copies each of the Whole Duty of Man, Dr. Nicholl's Paraphrase on the Common Prayer, and Dr. Horneck's Great Law of Consideration, together with Bishop Beveridge's Sermons on the Usefulness of Common Prayer, "and such like help". These were to be loaned to the north-east parish of Chowan, but, as he heard nothing from the Secretary, in 1723 he wrote again desiring those books should be brought. The society took no notice of his order and the books never came to hand. Along with this second letter

Moseley sent "a catalogue of such books as he had purchased, desiring the honorable society would be pleased to accept them toward a provincial library for the government of North Carolina to be kept at Edenton". There were seventy-six books in all. These were worth perhaps 100 pounds, and were largely theological and scholastic in character; nearly all were in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, and truly required a cultivated mind to enjoy them. It is thought that Moseley came into possession of this library and gave it through generosity to North Carolina for it was not especially suited to the wants and needs of the people. From evidence it has been concluded that the books were bought in America and were not primarily intended for a public library. It is thought that they were gotten from several sources (1) from the books which Moseley brought with him to the colony; (2) perhaps the Adams library left in Currituck; (3) the 50 pounds worth of books brought out by Urmstone and sold him by that worthy; (4) perhaps a part of the Bath library coming through Urmstone. We have no evidence that the generous gift was ever accepted by the Society in behalf of the town, nor have we any act of Assembly for the protection and government of a public library in Edenton. Whether this library was ever opened to the public and appreciated, or neglected and finally destroyed, or remained in Moseley's private collection, we do not know.

Moseley had a fine private library, perhaps the largest in the province. From his will it has been estimated that he had about 400 volumes, most of them treated of law, many were folios and were bound in sheepskin. These books remained in Moseley Hall until it burned, whereupon they fell into the hands of Alexander Lillington, who was reared by Edward Moseley. He also came into possession of the books of Moseley's relatives, Sanderson Moseley, and James Hasell. These books were kept in Lillington Hall, a few miles from Wilmington, until 1854. They suffered much from neglect and from relentless plundering of travelers and neighbors. In 1854 Daniel Shaw sent the remnants to the Lillington heirs in Wilmington and these, some 400 in number, are in the possession of Mrs. Mary C. Anderson, of Wilmington. They

include travels, geography, biography, history, and general literature. Hon. George Davis, of Wilmington, examined this library after one hundred years of mutilation and said that it excited his wonder and admiration for a man who had the generous taste to gather around him a library which would do credit to any gentleman of our day.

The Johnston library has come down to us in a much more perfect state than the Moseley library. While this library cannot serve as an average, it proves that there were men in the colony not only the equal of any American colonist, but also of the better class of Englishmen of the day. This library contained Governor Eden's and Governor Gabriel Johnston's books. After Governor Johnston's death this library passed into the hands of his nephew, Governor Samuel Johnston, and from Gov. Samuel Johnston into his son's hands. Under James Cathcart Johnston, the library continued to increase in size and value. A partial catalogue of the library was made before the war by Rev. Philip Alston. This catalogue enumerates 1,527 volumes, but the whole library contains some 4,500. This library has always been a library for profit and use, not the collection of a mere bibliomaniac. Under Gov. Sam Johnston it became what was probably the most complete in the province. The books were distinctly European, most of them being brought direct from England. They are now the property of Mr. John G. Wood, and are located at his country seat, "Hayes", about half a mile from Edenton.

In 1755 the parish of St. James received a lot of books, among them were twenty-two volumes from the Prince of Wales. These books were mainly Bibles, prayer-books, and other religious publications. In 1765 twenty-six books were deposited at Brunswick and soon after, probably the next year, forty-two others. Of this library of sixty-eight volumes nothing is further known.

Between 1760 and 1770, there existed in Wilmington a public library called the Cape Fear Library. We know almost nothing of its history except that it was supported by a society of gentlemen. It probably disappeared in the Revolution.

In eastern Carolina there were other private libraries of which we know very little. We have mention of libraries in



possession of the following men: Col. James Innes, John Hodgson, Archibald McLean, Joseph R. Gauntier, and Willie Jones. Some of these men, as Iredell and Jones, had quite a "large and valuable collection of books". At Hermitage, near Wilmington, there was a fine library in John Burgwine's possession.

In western Carolina there were numerous valuable libraries. Waightstill Avery had many volumes of the classics besides a law library. Rev. David Caldwell had a library of considerable size and value, which included medical books as well as the classics, theology, etc. Mention has been made of the following men as having good libraries: Rev. James Hall, Rev. John Barr, Rev. Lewis Feuilletan Wilson, Gen. Joseph Graham, Rev. Henry Patillo and Rev. Dr. Samuel McCorkle. The Presbyterians of the west also collected books both devotional and school for their people. These private collections and the Presbyterian libraries were to the west what the parish libraries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had been to the east.

During the Revolution the libraries and books of many of our leading men were destroyed by the British and Tories. Archibald Murphey says there were very few books in the State except in the libraries of lawyers who lived in the commercial towns. "I well remember that after completing my course under Dr. Caldwell, I spent nearly two years without finding any books to read except some old works on theological subjects."

After the Revolution numerous circulating libraries were established. The circulating library in Mecklenburg seems to have been the first. It was given to a debating society, but because of the infidel philosophy and infidel sentiments on religion and morality that it contained, it was met with hostility. About the end of the 18th century it was carried to Tennessee.

About the same time Rev. James Hall founded a circulating library in his congregation in Iredell County. He encouraged debating societies and undertook to instruct a class of young people in grammar. In order to remedy the general

want of books he wrote out a system of grammar and circulated the manuscript copies.

In Rowan County, a library circulated in the Thyatira congregation from which it received its name Thyatira Library. It was founded principally by Rev. John Barr. "The selections were of the most substantial character." Among them were Rollins' Ancient History, Gibbon's Decline and Fall, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Robertson's Charles V, etc.

In 1789 the legislature chartered the Center Benevolent Society of Mecklenburg and Rowan Counties. This society was to encourage literature among other duties it was to perform. It had a library, for we know that it was one of the earliest donors to the library of the University of North Carolina. It is doubtless the same as the public library which we know was organized in Salisbury in 1789 or 1790.

The library organized at the University of North Carolina was the last public library organized in North Carolina in the 18th century. The University of North Carolina was opened for students in February, 1795. Of the library facilities of the first students we know little. They were doubtless limited. The earliest donors of books to the library were Judge Reid, of Wilmington; Gen. William R. Davie, who gave fourteen volumes in 1795 and later gave twenty-five more; David Ker; Richard Bennehan, who gave twenty-eight volumes; Abram Hodge; the Center Benevolent Society; Joseph B. Hill, who gave an encyclopaedia in eighteen volumes; Francis N. W. Burton, William H. Hill, Edward Jones, Joseph R. Gauntier, who gave about one hundred volumes, mostly French books of devotion and Protestant theology, and Calvin Jones. The literary societies were organized in 1795 and began their collections. These were poor and small at first. Dr. Hooper tells us in his address in 1759 that when he came to the University in 1804 the Dialectic Library was contained in one of the cupboards of one of the corner rooms in the East Building, and consisted of a few half-worn volumes presented by compassionate individuals. It was in the habit of migrating from room to room as the librarian was changed. There is no mention of the Philanthropic Library until in

1885 when the University library proper and the libraries of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies were merged, and in 1905 were made to constitute the present library. In September, 1907, Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave the present library building. It was planned solely for library purposes and has proven splendidly adapted to the requirements made of it. It is situated on a beautifully terraced plot in the northwestern corner of the campus near the fraternity halls and faces east toward the Alumni Hall. It is built of salt and pepper white pressed brick with concrete trimmings. It is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. In 1908 it "represented the careful expenditure of \$60,000" and when the stack and seminar rooms are fully equipped it will have cost \$10,000. This library contains 65,029 volumes of carefully selected volumes unusually well adapted to the needs of the professor and student alike. Between 2,500 and 3,000 volumes are added annually to this collection, for the purchase of which an endowment fund, library fees and a special University appropriation are provided. In 1912 4685 volumes were added and 475 periodicals were received. The periodicals are placed at the service of the students in the large reading room or in the various seminar rooms and scientific laboratories in the University. The general reference room is supplied with the newest and best encyclopedias, dictionaries, atlases, maps, etc., all of which have been chosen with the object of enabling the students to find desired information with the greatest dispatch. The North Carolina room contains 3,000 volumes and pamphlets which are always at the disposal not only of the University students, but also of investigators throughout the state who are making a special study of North Carolina history and literature.

The next library of any note is the library at Salem Academy and College. It began in the day of small things with a single closet of books, kept in the old Salem Hotel. About 1805 this closet was moved into the entrance of South Hall, then the principal building of the college. Here two other closets of books were added; and a little later, they were moved upstairs into the so-called Teachers' Room. The library wandered from one building to another as the space

was needed for pupils; but finally it reached a "secure haven", in a large, double room, well lighted, on the second floor of South Hall, admirably suited to its purposes. Books were purchased by the school authorities, from time to time, and the number increased until now there are something over 10,000 volumes in the regular library besides many reference books, pamphlets, etc. There is also a reading room where newspapers and magazines are ready for use at all hours. During 1911-1912 twenty periodicals were received.

The North Carolina State Library was established by an act of the Legislature of 1821 and began in a small way to collect books. It was first located in the State House, occupying a small space on the third floor. In 1831 the State House was destroyed by fire, and the little collection of books was destroyed except about 1000 volumes, most of these in broken sets. No appropriation was made for several years, and on the completion of the present capitol in 1840, the few saved books were transported to the present library room. In 1840-41 the Legislature passed an act authorizing the purchase of some books and appointing a meeting of the Board of Trustees for January 31, 1842. The Trustees met in Raleigh at the Governor's office and resolved to let a Mr. Cogswell, of New York, buy a collection of books, provided the purchase would not exceed \$4,500. He purchased the books to the entire satisfaction of the authorities. The library has of course increased with years and contains some valuable and rare works, some in fact that cannot now be procured in any part of the world. During the war, 1861-65, the library suffered greatly from "the depredations of the soldiers of both armies. Books were borrowed and never returned; and in this way many sets were broken and many valuable works lost." The State Library has made great progress within the last twenty-five years. We claim the best State Library south of the Potomac River. The library now contains 42,552 volumes and receives annually 166 periodicals.

The library at Guilford College began with the beginning of the New Garden Boarding School in 1837. Most of the original books were those relative to Quaker history and Quaker doctrine, and at the time of the fire in 1908, "the Quaker section was without doubt the best to be found south

of Philadelphia, but the literature section was our greatest pride". Of the rare books in the library some few were burned but most of them were saved. At the time of the fire the library contained nearly 8,000 volumes. All but 973 of these were burned. Carnegie gave them means for a \$18,000 library building and with the help of interested friends and the alumni the library has been able to re-establish itself. It now contains 4,341 volumes and receives fifty-one periodicals. It spends about \$500 a year for books and periodicals.

The library of Trinity College began, as did nearly every other college library in the south, with the consolidation of the libraries of the literary and other societies of that institution. The literary societies of the Normal College which became Trinity College in 1858 had their libraries, but the first statement of the existence of a college library appeared in the catalogue for 1860-1861. In this a summary of the books accessible to students was given: The Columbian Literary Society Library, 2,200 volumes; the Hesperion Literary Society Library, 2,200 volumes; the College Library, 650 volumes. These libraries made but little progress from 1862-1867. During the college year 1887-88 these libraries and the library of the Theological Society were consolidated under one management. Each of the literary society libraries contained 4,000 volumes and the Theological Library several hundred. A member of the faculty, assisted by student librarians elected from each of the literary societies, had charge of the library. This was kept open every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. In 1892 when the college was moved to Durham the library was placed in the largest room in the Duke Building. In 1897 the library committee classified the books into a system originated by themselves. A card catalogue was begun and was kept up until the books needed for parallel reading and reference work were in good shape. A paid librarian was employed in the fall of 1897 and the library was kept open six hours per day. In 1900 Mr. Duke gave means to erect a building and in 1901 he gave \$10,000 for the purchase of books. This library has gradually increased both from expenditure and from gifts until now it contains 43,275 volumes and receives about 133 periodicals annually.

Prior to 1886 Davidson College and its two literary socie-

ties each had a small library. The college collection of books numbering about 2,000 volumes, was so small in its "spacious and dignified home in Chambers Building", and the society libraries which were quartered in the respective buildings, were degenerating into novels so badly, that it was decided to merge the three. The societies had about 7,000 books which were added to those in the College Library. Later the books were arranged by subjects and catalogued by a committee. The entire management of the library was vested in a committee, under the control of the faculty. The library now consists of 23,126 volumes. Of this number at least 10,000 have been bought within the last fifteen years. It is stronger in literature, history, economics and sociology, but it has a rich store of information in its reference department, encyclopedias, bound magazines and government documents. This library is supported by a library fee from each user.

There were numerous other college libraries started toward the close of the nineteenth century, among them libraries at Wake Forest, the A. and M., State Normal and Industrial College, Meredith and others.

As I have already shown there were few public libraries established in North Carolina before 1899 except the State Library and libraries of colleges. A number of subscription libraries were in a few of the largest cities. The Asheville Library Association was founded in 1879. It has an annual income of \$3,000, contains 8,000 volumes, and in 1907 it had a circulation of 16,249 volumes and 993 readers. In 1901, 1903, and 1905 the Legislature made possible the rural libraries, the most important steps yet taken in public education. The legislature appropriated \$5,000 "to encourage the establishment of libraries in the public schools of the rural districts". It was provided in the act that whenever an amount of \$10.00 was raised by any school and given to the county superintendent for the establishment of a library the county board should duplicate this amount. The schools eagerly took up the proposition and today there are more than 1,400 of these libraries, containing 137,536 volumes accessible to about 120,000 people. North Carolina goes on record as furnishing twenty-five books to every one hundred of her population.

In 1897 the first of the series of public libraries was established at Durham, followed by the Olivia Raney Library at Raleigh in 1900, the Greensboro Public Library in 1902, Carnegie Library of Charlotte in 1903, Winston-Salem, Gastonia, Wilmington, Goldsboro, Hickory, Wadesboro in 1906, the Page Memorial Library at Aberdeen in 1907, and many others later on.

Charlotte has the only public library for negroes supported by the city. The building cost \$2,300 and receives an annual appropriation of \$400. It was opened in 1906, has 660 volumes, and 300 regular readers.

One of the most recent of the state organizations is the North Carolina Library Association. Its formal organization was perfected in the Library of the State Normal College, May 14, 1904. Mrs. Annie Smith Ross of the Carnegie Library of Charlotte, was elected president, and Dr. Louis R. Wilson Secretary-Treasurer. At this meeting there were thirty-two people present. They drew up a constitution and began work. This organization was to promote the interest in the development of the state libraries. Since then the organization has had several meetings in some of the largest cities in the state—Charlotte in 1905, Raleigh in 1906, Asheville in 1907. The Association has grown wonderfully and numbers over one hundred members.

Some of the results of its efforts are:

1. It has emphasized the value of the library as a general educational institution.
2. It has memorialized the Legislature to erect a new State Library building to protect the valuable collection of material the state possesses relating to its history and literature.
3. It has advocated the appointment of the State Library Commission.

The Federation of Women's Clubs aided greatly in obtaining the State Library Commission. In fact there is scarcely a club in the state which is not in some way connected with some form of library work. Mr. Carnegie has also done much for the libraries in North Carolina. He has contributed liberally towards them and has made many possible that would not otherwise have been.

## What Every Woman Wants

*Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelpgian*

"Yes," said Mary, "You men ain't carin' so long as you all can vote. But us poor women folk what slaves our fingers off and works in a hot kitchen all day a-ironin' and a-scrubbin' and a-cookin'—we does. We can use our heads as well as these here poor red hands"—and she held out her own hands for Mike to see the blisters.

But Mike saw those hands with the eyes of one who loved and they appeared as alabaster to him. He made a quick movement; but Mary was quicker still.

"None 'o that, Mike!" she exclaimed sharply, and a flush crept up to the roots of her Irish red hair.

"I ain't a-countin' on lettin' you vote, Mary," said Mike, calmly ignoring the reproof.

"You ain't—what?" gasped Mary.

"Just what I says, Mary. I wants you to take care of that little house I'm going to buy. I don't want no wife of mine to take part in all this here foolishness about votin' and such. Why, Mary—"

"'Mary'—nothin'!" Indignation seized upon her. "You can take yourself off, Mike, till you learns that a woman's fust heritage, as my missus, Miss Jeannette, says, is to vote."

"Mary, you ain't meanin' that it's all off?"

"Yes, it is 'all off', and you'd better be off," said she.

And the kitchen door shut behind Mike.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now, Jeannette, you know that I don't object to your talking your views on suffrage to me or any one else, though I don't always agree with you entirely. But I do object—and object seriously—to your taking part in any such suffrage parade as you have described. I think out of consideration for me—"

"Out of consideration for you, James? I cannot see in the least how my driving in the parade next week can in any



way affect you. Why even Mary, my best of cooks, is going to take part and I'm sure Mike is not raising any objections," said Jeannette, with a smile.

"Then Mike is less of a man than I take him to be," answered James. And the two in the parlor smiled at the thought of the two in the kitchen.

"But, Jeannette, I am in earnest on this point. You must not drive in that parade."

"Must not! Isn't it rather early for such a tone of authority, James? I shall do just as I have said."

"Then you care more for voting and such trash than you do for me?"

"How much or how little I care for you isn't the question, James. I think, at present, it's how little we care for each other's company." And she stifled a slight yawn.

The parlor door shut behind James.

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The parade was in full progress. Banners streamed to the right and left. Shouts for woman suffrage rent the air.

Mike, who had finished with his morning's work, made his way to the edge of the crowd of onlookers. As he did so, he beheld Mary, laboring under the burden of a wide, yellow banner. Forgetting everything, he sprang to her side and grasping the banner in his own strong hands, marched on beside her. Over his head streamed the banner—"What Is Home Without Mother's Vote?"

James, weary of business, stood on the curbing and watched the parade he had so bitterly scorned. Looking out over the crowd he saw Mary, Mike, and the banner. Jeannette's carriage was almost in front of him. With a smile on his face he leaped into the parade, seized a banner, and unfurled it to the breeze. "What Every Woman Wants—The Vote," he read, and encountered Jeannette's startled gaze fixed upon him. They gazed at one another for a minute and then she gave him a smile which promised many things.

## The Yonahlosse Road

*Genevieve Moore, '17, Cornelian*

The old stage coach is ready,  
 Our baggage strapped behind;  
 The driver good and steady  
 The regular mountain kind,  
 Holds the strong, lank horses,  
 All ready for the pull.  
 We're starting o'er the mountains  
 Before the sun is full.

For a while it's easy,  
 Then the climb we start,  
 Horses slack their paces,  
 Rocks crunch as they part.  
 The way gets very narrow,  
 As we thread the mountain side.  
 We're going through the mountains  
 On a perilous ride.

Far off is old Grandfather,  
 Clear cut against the sky,  
 Towering above all others.  
 Soft clouds in passing by  
 Float gently round his craggy face,  
 Caress his cheek and then away—  
 What can surpass the beauty  
 Seen here on a bright, clear day!

The grandeur of the mountains  
 Dispels our worldly care.  
 In the silence of their presence

We feel God everywhere.  
 The trees, the streams, the valleys,  
 All cry aloud His name,  
 The heights, the depths, the distance,  
 Reverberate the same.

The way is steep and toilsome,  
 Takes time and patience, too;  
 The climb is rough and rugged;  
 May sometime weary you.  
 But if you're a lover of beauty,  
 Seek nature's fair abode—  
 The Carolina Mountains  
 By the Yonahlosse Road.

## Negro Education in North Carolina

*Pearl Temple, '14, Adelpgian*

Perhaps the question of negro education has aroused more prejudice and created more discussion than any other in connection with the race problem. We are interested in negro education today and it is very interesting to study its development and note the great progress that has been made in North Carolina. It is true that progress has been slow, but it has continually been made.

Negro education before the Civil War was very limited, and its history is therefore very meager. In 1762 there was a bill passed in which the master, or mistress, was required to teach, or cause to be taught, colored apprentices. There were few schools and the negroes were mostly taught in the homes of the whites. Apart from book education, they gained the education which comes from daily association with cultured people. Slavery really gave them the base upon which to build their character. They got a conception of the Christian home which is so essential to the uplifting of any people, and the lack of which had been the chief weakness of the negro. Then the slaves were separated from one another; this enabled them to break away from the old low influences of negro life and to substitute the uplifting influences of white civilization. Many, kept away from the excitement of the city, acquired in the country that which was conducive to the development of the characteristics of which they were in so much need. They were forced to live systematically—to eat, sleep, and rest; and to work regularly and continuously. This was the education that the negro most needed, and it is very doubtful whether any other institution could have given it as successfully as slavery. Slavery really gave the negro a better industrial training than he has today. The young negroes were brought up to labor from an early age. The girls were trained in domestic science in its various branches. The men were trained in farm work or in some trade.

Further education, our people thought it best not to give lest the slaves become restive. The Friends, however, made some effort to help this race. In 1816 they opened a school for two days in the week, to last three months. Their report two years later was that some of them could spell and some few write. It was agreed that their education was to be extended until the men could "read, write and cypher as far as the rule of three" and that of the women until they could read and write.

As early as 1818 there was a bill introduced to prevent all persons from teaching slaves to read and write, the use of figures excepted, but the bill did not pass. In 1827 a bill was introduced to repeal the act of 1762; neither did this bill pass. However, in 1830, a bill to prevent all persons from teaching slaves to read or write, the use of figures excepted, was passed. In 1831 the part of the bill relating to reading was repealed. In 1832 there was a law enacted by the Legislature, silencing all colored preachers. This put a stop to the teaching of Rev. John Chavis, who was one of the best educated men in the state at that time. He was educated at Princeton and began teaching in North Carolina in 1809. His work was chiefly in the schools of the white people, but he preached to the colored people and taught them to some extent. In 1835 North Carolina abolished the schools for persons of color, and enacted a law that no descendant of negro parents to the fourth generation should enjoy the benefits of the public school system.

From this time on to the Reconstruction Period there was very little progress made in the education of the negro race. When the negroes were set free, the northern people began their work toward educating these freed people. Schools for the education of the negro were soon established. The people of the north freely gave their money for this purpose, and many earnest men and women hastened south to teach in these schools. Even while the white children were unable to attend school, owing to the loss of the state's money, the colored children found their schools open. The Freedmen's Bureau, organized in 1865, and private donations from the north, furnished the money to run the schools. The negroes

were very anxious that their children should be educated. The Freedmen's convention, which met in Raleigh in 1865, sent an address to the constitutional convention of North Carolina, and to the Legislature, asking that they be allowed to educate their children. This report was read for them by Governor Holden and was carefully considered. They agreed later that the negro should be allowed to have an education.

The oldest of the negro schools in North Carolina is Shaw University at Raleigh. This institution originated in the formation of a theological class of Freedmen in Raleigh, December 1, 1865, taught by Rev. H. M. Tupper, an ex-union soldier and a native of Manson, Mass. The work was started under the auspices of the "American Baptist Home Mission Society". It began in a little negro cabin, which soon became too small; then it was moved to a two-story structure erected on Blount Street, a block north of the present location of the University. A whole square was bought from General Barringer and buildings were then erected. This institution was incorporated in 1870 under the name of the Raleigh Institute. In 1875, its name was changed, the male school became Shaw University on account of the large donations of Elijah Shaw, of Wales, Mass.; the female school was called "Estey Seminary" after Jacob Estey, of Vermont. Later the two were given the name Shaw University. The University has made steady progress until there are today, in addition to normal, college, missionary training and industrial departments, schools of law, medicine, and pharmacy. Charles F. Meserve is president of the University which is still under the charge of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. During the past year the University received from this society \$8,385.48; from the Slater Fund it received \$2,500.00, which was used for the salaries of nine teachers; from private donations, \$437.66; endowment, \$1,422.25; tuition, \$7,270, making a total of \$20,015. There are about 550 students now enrolled.

The next institution to be established was Biddle University at Charlotte. This institution, for young men, was organized in 1867 under the auspices of the Presbyterian

Board of Missions for Freedmen and is still under the control of the Northern Presbyterian Church. The principal movers were Revs. S. C. Alexander and W. G. Miller, and Mrs. Mary D. Biddle, of Philadelphia, who gave \$1,400 for the building. Rev. S. Maltoon was elected president in 1869 and served until 1884. Rev. D. J. Sanders has been president since 1891. The college includes religious, literary and industrial instruction.

In 1867 St. Augustine Normal School and Collegiate Institute was founded by Rev. Dr. James Brinton Smith, at Raleigh. This institution still exists and is under Episcopal patronage.

In 1868 a department for the education of the negro deaf and blind children of the state, was established on Bloodworth Street, Raleigh. This has grown to be the largest and best equipped school for the negro deaf and blind in the south.

In 1868-69 Bishop Hood (negro) was assistant state superintendent to Rev. S. S. Ashley. He was put in by the carpet-baggers and received a salary of \$1,500 a year. This man is the only colored state superintendent we have ever had.

Scotia Seminary, for young women, at Concord, was chartered in 1870. It was founded by Rev. Luke Dorland under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Missions for Freedmen. It has industrial, preparatory, and seminary departments.

Bennett College is one of the oldest and most important negro schools of the country. Many of its alumni are prominent in the church, professional, and educational affairs of the race. This was established in Greensboro under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Kent Home, an adjunct of the college, is noted for its excellent work in domestic science. The college has preparatory, normal, and academic departments. The average attendance is about 225.

Many men of influence doubted the wisdom of giving school education to the negro; however, there were others who believed in the negro's having schools to attend. In his message to the General Assembly of 1877, Governor Vance urged the establishment of normal schools for the education and training of both white and colored teachers. "A school of

similar character to that for whites should be established for the education of colored teachers, the want of which is more deeply felt by the black race even than by the white." He said that it was our duty to make no discrimination in the matter of public education. In 1877 a state colored normal school was established at Fayetteville. Then a normal was established in Salisbury in 1880, one at Plymouth in 1880, and one at Goldsboro in 1887. Franklin State Normal School was established about 1887 also. This was in connection with Albion Academy organized by M. A. Hopkins, aided by friends at the north. The State Normal School at Elizabeth City was established in 1891 and the Slater State Normal at Winston-Salem in 1895.

There were a number of private high schools and academies in the state as early as 1880 which continued for many years. Some of the earlier ones were Kittrell Normal and Industrial School, at Kittrell; Albion Academy, at Franklin; Whittier Normal School, at Lumberton; Yadkin Academy, at Mebaneville; Winton Academy, at Winton; several schools at Asheville and some in Wilmington.

Livingstone College, for both sexes, was incorporated in 1879. It opened in 1880, at Salisbury, under the auspices of the A. M. E. Zion Church. It was chartered in 1879 as Zion Wesley Institute; chartered in 1884 as Zion Wesley College, and in 1887 was changed to Livingstone College. The work at this institution includes five departments—preparatory, normal, industrial, collegiate, and theological. This and Bennett College show what the negro can do, for both are run entirely by negro presidents and faculty.

At Charlotte in 1891 St. Michael's Training and Industrial School was established under the auspices of the colored Episcopal Church. There are five instructors who regularly train more than one hundred pupils. The property is worth about \$10,000.

The Agricultural and Mechanical College for the colored race was established by an act of the General Assembly, ratified March 9, 1891. The citizens of Greensboro donated twenty-five acres of land and \$8,000 for this institution which was opened in Greensboro in 1892. The management and



control of the college is vested in a board of trustees consisting of fifteen members, elected by the General Assembly or appointed by the governor. The financial support, for the most part, is derived from the United States under an act of Congress, known as the Morrill Act, passed August 20, 1890. This act makes an annual appropriation for each state and territory for the endowment and support of agricultural and mechanical colleges. The agricultural department gives instruction in various branches of agriculture; the college farm, dairy and well furnished laboratories all make this an excellent place for industrial training. The mechanical building is well supplied with shops for teaching carpentry, wood carving and blacksmithing. Many young men educated here go out into our state, and other states, well equipped. They get good positions, and those who try to farm make a success of it.

In 1894 the Evangelical Lutheran Grace School was founded under the auspices of the Lutheran Board of the Lutheran Synodical Conference and established in Greensboro. It gives instruction in English branches and in the Christian religion. It has been a power for good in the community from the time it was established until the present.

In 1903 the number of state colored normal schools was reduced from seven to three, these being at Fayetteville, Winston-Salem, and Elizabeth City. In 1912 each of these received about \$5,000 from the state for appropriation and buildings. From the Slater Fund, Fayetteville received \$1,000, Elizabeth City \$450, and Winston-Salem \$700. The first superintendent of these schools was Charles L. Coon, elected in 1904. In 1907 he was succeeded by John Duckett who died in 1908. J. A. Bivens was superintendent from January, 1909, until his death. Most of the negro teachers in the sections where these schools are located have received their training in these schools.

In the eastern part of Greensboro is the Immanuel Lutheran College, managed by a board located in St. Louis, Mo. The school was founded in Concord in 1902, and was moved to Greensboro in the fall of 1905. This institution offers courses in higher English branches, German, Latin and Greek, a three-year theological course and a two-year normal course.

In connection with the college is a primary department for the children of the community. It is rapidly increasing both in popularity and usefulness.

There are graded schools for the negro in practically every town of much size, in the state. Then there are numbers of public schools in almost every county. In Mecklenburg County there are about seventy-five public schools for the colored race. Guilford County is divided into thirty-two districts, and with but three exceptions, each of the districts has been provided with a public school building. Six are provided with libraries valued at \$2,235. The last school census shows a population of 2,460 negro children with an enrollment of 1,792, and an average attendance of 1,161. There are no third grade teachers in the county. Eleven teachers hold first grade certificates, nine have normal training while eight hold college diplomas. Prof. Thomas R. Foust, county superintendent, arranges for a three weeks' summer school annually at the A. and M. College, Greensboro. There are two graded schools in Greensboro for negroes, under Superintendent Mann.

About ten miles east of Greensboro, at Sedalia, is the Palmer Memorial Institute. This was established in 1907 and is under the control of Miss C. E. Hawkins.

At Durham there is a training school which is doing a great work. Another normal and industrial school is at High Point. The faculty is composed of graduates of Hampton and the A. and M.

For several years the negro people throughout the state have been deeply interested in the establishment of a reformatory for negro criminal youths. Nannie A. Fulk, formerly of Greensboro, now of New York City, has secured about \$1,000 for this purpose. The charter for the Fulk Reformatory and Manual Training School was granted in 1910, and was to be at High Point.

Of the 11,216 teachers employed in 1910, one-fourth of these were in schools for the negro. Forty-six per cent. of the colored teachers had had normal training and 15 per cent. held college diplomas. We see that the negroes are making use of their opportunities and attending their schools. The

taxes of the state and other money that goes to school purposes is divided between the negroes and whites, each getting the same per capita.

It is true that in some cases education has not proved beneficial to the negro, but it is the same way with some white people; so we should not form our judgments from the exceptions. If we do not give them educational advantages the best class of negroes will leave the state and leave only the worthless ones with us. Most people realize this and are doing their duty in this great work. When we see the occupations and professions the negroes now have and compare them with those of one hundred years ago, we cannot but wonder at the progress that has come from their educational advancement.

## The Delayed Letter

*Juanita McDougald, '17, Cornelian*

While swinging lazily in a hammock on the green sloping lawn, Julia had drifted into a dreaming mood. Her book had fallen to the ground, where it lay unheeded except by her pet puppy, Zip, who peeped through his shaggy curls with a mischievous twinkle, and took turns in playing with Julia's golden curls and the rustling leaves of the book as the wind tossed them back and forth. Just now Julia's thoughts were due to a picture she had of her mother and another woman sewing on the porch. Their occupation was the chief cause of her dreams. Julia was going to college! Long before, when she was a wee little girl, she and James, her little neighbor, had planned to go to college where their mothers and fathers had gone. As she grew older, clearer and more definite ideas came to her. Her sole aim was to go to Bryn Mawr. However, with this definite purpose came the realization that money did not grow on trees, as Aunt Queenie, the Earl's one servant, had often told her when she had confided her wild fancies to Aunt Queenie's sympathetic ear. At last she gave up the "Bryn Mawr" idea, and as she laughingly told her chum, accepted her fate; she was going to a normal college for she knew full well she was destined to be an old maid school teacher.

But by the unusual air of joy, happiness, and preparation that pervaded the whole atmosphere around Oakdale, it may safely be guessed that something had happened. Something *had* happened! A week before, Julia had received a letter from a wealthy cousin, who was also her dearest friend, asking her to share in a delightful year at Bryn Mawr. "My father will bear all the expense, if you will only go with me," she had written. Then there was a celebration held in the library. All expressed their gladness in a characteristic way. Four-year-old Lois, with the instruction not to "dutty it 'cause I might go too nex' year", proffered her one

pink satin bow, which she never wore herself except on the rare occasions when she indulged in her "flowered d'ess wif pink bows". Aunt Queenie's turbaned head became filled with golden visions of "boxes" to be sent to "little missus".

At once Mrs. Earl set about the plans to satisfy the desires of her daughter's girlish fancy. A seamstress had come down from the city to help her, for it was now late in August, and school began early in September. Is it any wonder that Julia soon drifted onward from these thoughts into slumberland and was already in "college land" with Louise?

Just at this moment Zip espied a cloud of dust moving up the broad country road. He sat up expectantly and watched the approaching spectacle until he recognized the familiar jog of the mailman's old gray horse. Then he crouched down in the grass prepared for a spring. When he heard Mr. Blank's well known whistle, he sprang up so suddenly that he caught himself in Julia's curls and gave her such a jerk that when she awoke she found herself lying on the ground under an overturned hammock. She heard Mr. Blank's jolly laugh and his call, "Miss Julia Earl," as he waved a letter above his head. She sprang up and raced after Zip.

"First here, first served," called Mr. Blank, as Zip dashed up. Taking the letter in his mouth, he raced around the lawn until he thought his mistress duly punished for spending the morning in a hammock instead of running off to the brook with himself and the children.

A few moments later the slamming of Julia's room door proclaimed to the household that something had happened.

"I wonder what's de trubble wid my chile now," said Aunt Queenie, whose long experience told her the matter was serious when "one o' her chi'r'n banged a doah".

Mrs. Earl went into the house where she found Mr. Earl. Together they waited and wondered why their daughter did not come to them, and at least, let them share her distress; but Julia, lying across her bed, was sobbing heartbrokenly.

"Why did Louise do that way? She was always playing some of her horrid jokes on me, but I did think she had a limit," she kept repeating to herself, starting the tears afresh each time. Again she went over the incidents connected with

her invitation, not leaving out one particular, and at last re-read the letter which had cast such a gloom over her. It was this:

Dear Julia:

Papa has changed his mind about the school matter: I am so glad. As ever,

Friday, Aug. 25.

Louise.

Julia crushed the note in her hand.

"She said she was glad," she moaned.

Presently she dried her tears and sat staring blindly through the window. Her pretty blue eyes gradually took on a determined expression.

"She shall never know she fooled me," she said fiercely. "Her plan will fail once. I'll take this to mother and father and then beat a hasty retreat, for I'd rather face a loaded cannon than sympathy now."

There was no indication of the storm she had passed through when Julia came upon her mother and father in the library a few moments afterwards, excepting a slight flush on her cheeks.

"Oh, mother," she cried gaily, "it's just as I expected. Louise has been playing another of her jokes, and I, as usual, am the victim. Just read this," and she handed her the note. When Mrs. Earl turned to comfort her daughter she was nowhere to be seen.

A few hours later Julia gave the following note to her mother to read:

Dear Louise:

Always on the lookout for one of your "harmless jokes", as you term them, I was not sure that you were in earnest when you wrote asking me to go to Bryn Mawr with you; so I am not at all affected by your father's decision.

Sincerely,

Aug. 25, 19.....

Ruth Earl.

Before Mrs. Earl finished reading it, they heard the mailman's whistle and Julia rushed out to get the mail. She met Zip in the hall. Presently Mrs. Earl was astonished at

hearing her daughter give a wild scream, and then followed such a noise that she would have been excusable in believing that a tornado had gotten into the house and was making its path one of destruction. The next moment Julia burst into the room, seized her mother in her arms, and gave her such a swing as she had not experienced since the days of the Virginia reel.

“Oh, my marmee, it’s all right. I made an awful mistake. Louise is the loveliest girl in the world. I am so happy, *happy*,” she ended in a little scream. When Mrs. Earl read the letter Julia held before her eyes, the puzzled expression only deepened on her face. It was from Louise and explained that her father thought they ought to wait until older before leaving home.

“Oh, you dear blind mother; can’t you see? This letter was written two weeks ago and the note I received this morning was written yesterday.”

And again Mrs. Earl experienced the old time thrill of the Virginia reel.

## Silviny's New Year Cake

*Julia Canaday, '15, Cornelian*

Silviny and Ebenezer were "out"—there was no doubt of that. No one, even though a stranger in the vicinity of Coonville, could long remain ignorant of that fact; everything revealed it. Nothing told it more plainly than the independent tilt of Silviny's head. Her naturally flat nose now seemed to have a marked propensity for turning upward; and her superfluous pompadour on the tip-top of her woolly head now became a little more superfluous. As for Ebenezer, he just as plainly revealed the secret by putting on his most nonchalant air when the two unavoidably chanced to pass each other and exchanged their cool "Good mawning!" Each seemed vieing with the other to show the greater indifference to the present state of affairs and thereby hide the secret heartache which each was experiencing.

Silviny and Ebenezer were the two most popular young darkeys in all Coonville. No matter how reluctant the other residents of the vicinity were to admit it, the supreme popularity of these two was unquestioned. Didn't Silviny cook for Judge Clark, who lived in the big white house up the road? And weren't her dresses finer and more stylish than those of any of the other women for miles around? Then, too, she could play the organ and she could act. Every entertainment that was ever attempted was under the exclusive supervision of Silviny. An acknowledged social leader, she was also the acknowledged religious leader of the women of the vicinity. In other words, she set the standard of religious conduct for her admiring sisters. If Silviny shouted in the big "meetings" in the little brown church, then the other sisters, divining that shouting was timely, did likewise. If Silviny sat unemotional with folded hands and pious countenance, her sisters presumed that shouting had gone out of fashion and acted accordingly. Nothing that Silviny ever did was ungraceful or unbecoming.



As for Ebenezer, his princely majesty was driver of the Coonville omnibus. His wages, moreover, enabled him to dress equally as well, accordingly, as Silviny. His fashionably cut Prince Albert coats and tall derby hats were the admiration of all Coonville. And as for musical accomplishments, his voluminous deep bass voice bespoke unusual talent; and his performances on his banjo and fiddle were, to say the least, wonderful. Ebenezer was, however, not of a religious temperament as was Silviny. On the contrary, he admirably kept up his "reperation" as the "best cussin' man in town". By his brethren this was considered a virtue rather than a fault; while his female admirers thought it only a clever and witty characteristic. Even the wise old mammies considered it a thing "common to de human natur' ob man folks dat couldn't be holped." Ebenezer was a large, tall, handsome mulatto; while Silviny was a charming, graceful lass of an unusually coal black complexion. Thus in their mutual devotion they verified the old saying that "opposites attract". For a whole year Ebenezer had been an ardent suitor for the hand of the charming, coquettish Silviny. Just as the whole neighborhood acknowledged the just popularity of these two, so it realized their suitability to each other.

Recently however, something had gone wrong. Silviny had been flirting with Hezekiah Jones; which imprudent deed of the said Silviny had infuriated her Ebenezer. The latter had accordingly expressed his sentiments rather strongly to Silviny, making free use of some of his most forcible "cuss words". Whereupon, the much indignant Silviny had become exceedingly enraged, and ordered her once-beloved Ebenezer "nebber to show his face inside her do' agin". The said Ebenezer had sworn vehemently that he had no such desire.

Although, as previously stated, these two were so different in their personal appearance, they had one strong point of similarity other than their accomplishments and popularity. This point was stubbornness. So now that the vow of eternal separation had been made there was little hope that Ebenezer would intrude his unwelcome presence on Silviny. Thus things went on—the two acting as slight acquaintances toward each other; each bearing a secret heartache, but too

stubborn to admit it. Each day brought an increased longing to see the other—and a more gnawing heartache.

When Ebenezer chanced to pass by the big white house in which Silviny did her culinary duties he would slacken his pace and eagerly watch for a glimpse of a pink gingham dress and a lavish pompadour. But, if he once spied these articles and imagined their wearer was looking in his direction, he would spur up the lazy old gray mare which he drove, and with his derby on the back of his head and shoulders thrown back, ride by as if he owned all the world, and didn't care what became of Silviny or anybody else. Silviny acted accordingly; for, although secretly longing for one glimpse of a certain stately figure in a fashionable Prince Albert coat and high derby, when these things were presented to her view she would make it convenient to be engaged in an interesting conversation with the butler. Furthermore, she now charmingly accepted the attentions of her long would-be suitor; while Ebenezer was a veritable Sir Walter Raleigh in his gallantry and courtesy toward the other lasses. Things continued in this manner for more than two months—each in the meantime seemingly growing more indifferent and more stubborn.

It was New Year's day and all Coonville seemed festive and gay, for almost every darkey was having a holiday. In a certain little white-washed house—over the door of which grew a honeysuckle vine, still green—Silviny was busy cooking a New Year cake. Most of the other young folks were going on a picnic; but somehow or other, picnics didn't appeal to Silviny today. In vain did mammy make her appeal that "while you'se young you better hab all de good times comin' yo' way"; Silviny showed her characteristic stubbornness by refusing to go. Mammy was unable to comprehend why it was that her disobedient daughter preferred to—not only remain at home—but also to spend her holiday cooking a "scrump-tious" cake. She had noticed that Silviny had been acting "pow'ful quair" of late; and her motherly old soul divined the cause. But she could not understand what all this had to do with her staying at home and baking a New Year cake when she ought to be on the picnic with the other young folks.

She could obtain no satisfactory explanation from her daughter; so she—fortunately for Silviny—let her have her own way. In the kitchen a sweet, yet sad contralto voice mournfully sang, “Gone are de days when my heart was young an’ gay”, as its owner beat eggs, seeded raisins, and stirred the various ingredients into the old cracked mixing bowl. As she worked she carried on a strange soliloquy, thus:

“Jest one yeah ago terday Ebenezer axed me ter be his wife, an—an’ terday we wuz ter been married. An’ heah we is in dis predicament! It’s ebry bit my fault, too; but I’s not gwiner be de one ter break de ice, na-sir-ee! ’Clare ter goodness, I wants ter see Ebenezer, tho’. Wonder ef dat nigger went on dat picnic terday? Bet er dollar he did, an’ is a flirtin’ wid Liza Ann Perkins.” At this her face hardened; and the cake making proceeded more slowly. Nevertheless, she continued until it was all finished. It was a perfect success; its color a beautiful golden brown, and its odor delicious. She had just laid it out to cool on a snowy-white cloth when she heard a distinct roaring overhead and noticed that the room was almost full of smoke. She looked about her bewildered, but could see no cause; so she ran out into the backyard and looked on top of the house. Half the roof of the little kitchen was in flames!

“Mammy! Mammy! de house is on fire! Mammy! mammy! oh, mammy!” she burst forth as she flew into the house. Mammy horror-stricken, rushed out and saw the blazing roof.

“Oh, Laws hab massy on us! Silviny run on down de street an’ holler fire! fire! fire!”

Silviny, not knowing what she was doing, obeyed this command. Mammy flew in and out of the house carrying bed quilts, chairs, and cooking utensils. In the meantime Silviny’s alarm was drawing a crowd of people to the burning house. The fire alarm was now going ding! ding! ding! ding! as if its life depended on it. All Coonville was soon at the scene of disaster—some running with buckets of water, some carrying out gaudy vases, pictures, and other decorations, and leaving the beds, tables, and other necessary articles

of furniture to be devoured by the flames; and some standing still and praying for help. All of a sudden the crowd was horrified to see Silviny rush through the midst of them and on into the little kitchen, which by now seemed nothing but one great mass of seething flames, and the roof of which was all but ready to fall in.

"Silviny! Silviny!" they all called after her—horror-stricken—but none of them made any move, whatsoever, to rescue her. Then quick as lightning they saw a large, tall mulatto rush through them and felt themselves being shoved aside out of the way. It was Ebenezer! He had seen Silviny and was now going to risk his own life to save her!

As Ebenezer rushed into the little kitchen he could hardly see or breathe for the smoke and flames. Nevertheless, he discerned the familiar form of Silviny clutching something in her hands that looked like a big cake. Just as he reached her she fell into a swoon. Ebenezer, stifled, blinded, his clothing scorching, took her in his arms and rushed to the door. Out through the mass of smoke and flames he went with his burden until both were out of the way of danger. The rejoicing of mammy, who had been frantic to the point of despair, was beyond words. The praises of Ebenezer rent the air in shouts of "Bravo! bravo!" but Ebenezer was utterly unconscious of the fame he had won. All that he saw or knew was that his Silviny was saved from death. As they fanned her and dashed cold water in her face to bring her out of her swoon they noticed a hunk of golden brown cake clutched tightly in one hand. Ebenezer was mystified. When she had returned to consciousness, and he had her in his safe embrace, he questioned:

"Silviny, whut upon airth did you risk yo' life tryin' ter save dat cake fer?"

"Uh—uh—Ebenezer," she stammered, "Ebenezer, I cooked dat cake fer you, so—so—so I jest felt lak I had ter save it! An, Ebenezer, dat cake was de cause ob dis house catching on fire."

The little house was now burned down, and the crowd was gathered around mammy pouring words of sympathy into her ears.

“Silviny, dat cake wuz a pow’ful blessin’. Case ef it hadn’t er been fer hit dis house wouldn’t er been burned down; and derefore ef dey hadn’t er been no cake you wouldn’t a gone through de fire riskin’ yo’ life an’ I couldn’t er gone in atter you an’ saved you. So dat cake am at de bot-tom ob it all.”

“You mean *dis* cake, Ebenezer,” said Silviny, shyly producing the rescued hunk from her apron pocket. “Heah, taste it, it didn’t all get burned.”

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## Idleness

*Margaret Harper, '16, Adelpkian*

The peace of deep mid-summer broods around  
The valleys, luscious with the knee-deep grass;  
Around the mountains where the shadows pass  
Of vultures circling slowly without sound.  
Beneath the foliage green the fields abound  
With tiny buzzing murmurs like a class  
Of droning schoolboys; a mass  
Of buttercups spreads suns upon the ground.  
Would it were always thus; that I might lie  
Beneath the gently whispering willow's shade,  
And listen to the sluggish, murmuring stream  
That ever o'er the pebbles wanders by.  
'Twould seem enough that all the earth was made  
For just one summer noonday's happy dream.

## The City by the Sea

*Daisy Hendley, '16, Adelpkian*

Looking from the open car windows as my train entered Charleston, South Carolina, I could not restrain exclamations of surprised admiration. I was entering the city between two rivers so near each other that I could see them as they flowed into the sea. Thus it was that with the salt breeze in my face and river scenery on either side I entered the narrow portals of the "City by the Sea".

A very interesting old city is Charleston. One notices at once that modern architecture is creeping but slowly into the place. Many of the houses are built somewhat back from the street in delightfully secluded gardens. A high wall surrounds the premises, the front entrance is at a great iron gate at which one finds the bell used to announce visitors, suggestive of the entrance lodge of old English castles and manor houses. The inhabitants adore these picturesque features. Here and there in the very heart of the city there is to be found a grand old colonial house with its majestic, white columns extending the length of the wide porch. These houses remind us that we are in a southern city and take us back to the ante-bellum days. Situated in the midst of all the clamor of the city, they made me think of a dignified old aristocrat, to his disgust, unpleasantly crowded by the common herd. The air of distinction and aristocracy about the fine old houses make one overlook the few bungalows or more modern style of houses. A great many of the residences are built with the end toward the street and a porch along the side of the house. Some of the buildings bear yet the effects of the earthquake.

Of all the interesting streets of the place I liked King Street best. This long old street, reaching completely through the city, possesses the varied phases of city life from the poorer districts along its upper end, down through the heart of the business section, to the handsome residence quarter where the

street ends at the Battery overlooking Charleston harbor. It is on this street that the negro peddlers wander crying their wares. I never was able to understand very well the cries of a street vender, but in Charleston I understood them not at all. The average negro of this city speaks a jargon almost impossible for a stranger to understand. But the street vender's cry, though unintelligible, has a peculiar, plaintive quality that appeals to the heart.

On King Street, too, one meets the sailor boys. Picturesque figures in their sailor suits they stride along, not yet rid of their sea gait, thoroughly enjoying every sight they see, quite happy to be on land again. Some of them by their foreign air and wondering observance of everything show that they are strangers in a strange land. Then a group of them come rollicking along arm in arm declaring by their actions that they are at home and are very glad to be there. Another frequenter of this street is the soldier. There is a military school in the city which furnishes cadets to enliven the streets. These cadets are a very orderly set and never make themselves too prominent. There are frequently seen parading this street squads of trained soldiers, from Sullivan's Island, a few miles from the city. Frequently we heard the roll of a drum, the measured tramp of feet, and soon saw down the street a company of soldiers marching in even, handsome ranks.

I liked to leave sometimes this street in which mingled figures less picturesque than the soldier and the sailor, and seek the Battery from which place one has a splendid view of Charleston harbor. It was at this Battery, that one night years ago, lovely southern ladies came out in dainty ball dresses to incite the firing of the first gun of the Civil War. I liked to think of that night when affairs of momentous consequence to our nation took place there; but I myself prefer the Battery on a peaceful, sunshiny morning. I enjoyed the little gasoline boats darting through the rippling water and sending up their shrill whistles as though in defiance of the great vessels lying peacefully at anchor near by. Other small vessels, some sail boats, were in sight. But the few huge steamers there seemed to preside majestically over the whole harbor. Across the sparkling water Fort Sumter rises out of

the waves like the top of a big barrel. I almost expected to see it bob up and down, so much did it resemble the top of a great barrel. I only viewed it from a distance, however much I longed to go across to it and explore all of the naval secrets hidden there. When we went across the bay to Sullivan's Island and the Isle of Palms we did not go near enough to the fort to get a good view of it.

Sullivan's Island, the vegetable garden of Charleston, and the Isle of Palms, the playground of the city, I visited. They are pretty spots, both of these islands. From the Isle of Palms one gets a fine view of the open sea.

Soon I was back in Charleston. Then one day I bade farewell to the city, the city old as American cities go, and full of antique interests from the narrow entrance to the balustraded Battery. When I go back in a year or two, as I hope to do, I expect to find few changes; for the inhabitants cherish the antiquity of their city.



## A Letter From Doctor Gove

Constantinople, Turkey,  
November 10, 1913.

Dear President Foust:

This old city is so fascinating that I hate to think of leaving it and all its color and quaintness for the somber tones of Vienna and its conventions.

Just now the feast of Bairim is being celebrated and for days shepherds, in their big hooded cloaks, have been driving into the city flocks of beautiful sheep and offering them for sale in the market place near the mosques.

Every man is supposed to sacrifice a sheep at sunrise this morning and to acquire credit by giving the flesh to the poor. The sheep are often kept for pets while being fattened and are decorated with the inevitable bluebeads to keep off the evil eye, and bows of bright ribbon are tied on them and children lead them around as they would pet dogs.

A salute was fired last night at sunset and all the boats in the harbor and on the Golden Horn were illuminated, so were all the mosques and their minarets until the city was wonderfully beautiful. Today pennants replace the lights on the ships—the band played as the soldiers and dignitaries went to the mosque at five a. m. for service and at ten the Sultan's reception to his loyal subjects of high rank was held in his palace on the European side of the Bosphorus.

Through a member of our diplomatic corps I had the good fortune to be admitted to the gallery to witness the ceremony.

The Sultan is old and feeble and fat and his gold lace is more impressive than his personality—perhaps we ought not to expect individuality—his hair and pointed beard and moustachios are white, his fez bright red with the usual black silk ornament.

The big throne room was empty except for the throne of gold covered with a cloth of gold and the double lines of carpet that led to the rug before the throne and guided the anxious steps of those who approached, stooped as if to raise a hand-

ful of dust, brought it to the lips, then to the forehead and bowed, taking the end of the holy scarf. They touched lips and forehead with it and backed out of the "presence" and retired to their appointed standing place.

You can imagine that it was a brilliant assembly with much display of uniforms.

Before the Sultan came in, soldiers in white coats, red trousers, high boots and white caps were lined up on each side of the entrance, then lancers with light blue coats came in and stood at attention. The throne was uncovered and seemed to be of embossed gold with an immense red velvet cushion embroidered in gold covering the seat—which was more than wide enough for Madame la Sultana to have had a seat there had it not been customary for her to absent herself on all public occasions. The Sultan advanced slowly and every one shouted welcome as he stood to receive a few of the greatest dignitaries, but promptly sat down as rank reached a certain ebb, rising only when the heads of the Moslem and Greek churches came. The Greeks wore their usual black robes—while the Moslems wore robes of green—they had made the pilgrimage to Mecca—robes of dark blue and gray, all beautifully embroidered in gold and all wore the white wrapping around the fez.

They approached with the usual salutation and taking the hem of the monarch's coat kissed it and backed from the royal presence.

Most of the time we had very good music and it helped to make things move along easily.

The Sultan now withdrew and the guests of the diplomatic corps were invited to partake of refreshments—tea from silver cups—and all the beautiful china, cut glass, gold knives and forks and fine linen one expects to find in a palace was there to be used.

It is great to see how the other half lives, but I don't wonder that people who are obliged to live this way all the time find it a great bore.

Tomorrow I'm going down to Brussa, and, if the weather permits, for a two days' trip into the country to get a glimpse of the other extreme of Turkish life, and after a week or ten

days more in Constantinople I shall plan to move on to Vienna and get down to work, though I'm counting all this interval well spent.

To be sure I'm often thinking of you good people on "The Hill", wondering how the world is pleasing you and what is the important subject for Council, but always I'm wishing the best for each one of you.

I'm expecting that with recreation furnished by your new machine you are feeling "fit", as the people over here say, and surely it has been a pleasure and refuge these busy opening weeks.

With all good wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,

ANNA M. GOVE.

VII Schlasselgasse 13,

Vienna, Austria.

Door 23.



# Sketches

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## Dinner Time on a Farm

*Janie Ipock, '16, Cornelian*

Just as the clock sounds the twelfth stroke, a mule pulling an old rail-body cart, in which sit a man, two boys, and two girls, comes through the gate. Directly behind these people come several negro boys and girls with sacks of cotton on their backs. They hurry to the cotton-house that stands in one corner of the big yard to eat the bread and molasses which have been left in their tin buckets. At the same time the farmer and children descend from the cart and slowly make their way to a small, though spotless kitchen where a dinner of "meat and greens" awaits them. They do not engage in conversation, for all of them have ravenous appetites and are eager to eat dinner. Dinner is over in a few minutes and Jack hastens out to feed the dogs; the girls clear the table; and the father enjoys his "chew" of tobacco while telling his wife about the morning's work. Then comes the best time in the entire day. The father lies down on the piazza, and props his head against an overturned chair, and the children fall down at any convenient spot to take a short nap. Over in the cotton house the curly-headed pickaninnies are rolling over on the cotton like blackbirds perched on a snow pile.

How they enjoy this short rest! It is a short one, indeed, for soon comes the order, "Hitch the mule to the cart, Tom; it's time to go to work." All jump up from their resting places and are soon off again to the cotton patch.

## Aunt Mandy

*Lizzie Fuller, Adelprian*

Aunt Mandy has been at the college since its foundation and considers herself almost on an equality with the original

faculty. She is a rather tall, black African, very straight and active for a woman of her age, which is perhaps sixty. Gold-rimmed eye-glasses and a stiff white cap give her a very dignified air. In her own eyes, at least, she is one of the most important factors of the institution, and is a little bit above the other maids. After her hall work is finished she takes her sewing and sits in her alcove working, while the other maids are congregated together, talking. When Miss Kirkland's maid is away Aunt Mandy takes her place, and it is funny to see the importance with which she answers the 'phone, receives callers, and signs for special delivery packages.

Last year she came in very much excited one day to show us her wedding present for Miss Annie McIver. The card which she wrote to go with it was very unique. Another time she came in with a large chocolate cake, which she had cooked for the Seniors. She was so proud of it that she danced all over the hall with the cake in her hands.

Aunt Mandy always greets us with a smile and friendly word when she comes around and we truly miss her when for some reason she fails to appear.

## Uncle John

*Sadie Woodruff, '17, Cornelian*

We called him our "Uncle John", but he was just an old man, a distant cousin, who stayed at grandpa's. If we had not had the best of grandpas, we probably would have called him grandpa, for no grandpa could have had more soft, snowy white hair or a longer flowing beard. When he "totted" babies on his knee, they found his beard convenient reins for playing horse.

Uncle John could do many things. To our childish eyes, he was the wisest personage in Christendom. He could say the alphabet backwards, recite in rhyme the whole line of English kings, and sing a song with the capitals of all the states. He knew many proverbs and all the wise sayings of Poor Richard. Knowing and loving the woods and the fields, he could tell us the most favorable places where wild strawber-

ries grew, and he knew every walnut and hickory tree on the place. Every egg, nest, and song of a bird had a story; besides he could fashion hickory sling-shots and fine willow whistles. We thought him the best of story-tellers. His old face would warm up in the ruddy glow of the fire, when in the big arm-chair with us children on his knees he would tell stories of pioneer and log-cabin days, when he was a boy. His kindly old eyes would shine and sparkle when he extracted from his multiplicity of pockets sacks of candy, bags of peanuts or some rosy ripe apple. How he loved a joke! He would laugh in a dear, old chuckling way whenever any were told. Even if you had heard the joke a hundred times, it was funny when you heard Uncle John laugh. One of his greatest treasures was an old violin. When he played, the squeaky, quavering notes were turned into rollicking old tunes for us children to step by; however, he looked not less lovingly at us gaily tripping to his merry tune than at his old violin, Susa Jane, as he called it. After the music was finished, he tenderly wrapt it in an old woolen sack, saying he was putting his "baby" to bed.

It seems strange that this old man, having had so much sorrow, and with all his nearer and dearer relatives long past away, should have been so kind, genial, happy and interested in everything and everybody; but perhaps that was what endeared him to us all, and putting into life so much of love and unselfishness, he could not help being happy and contented.

## A Morning's Shopping

*Esther Mitchell, '16, Cornelian*

I think that there is no more delightful outing than a shopping trip, especially if we define shopping as looking and observing but not necessarily buying.

On such an occasion I went one autumn morning with a friend who was in search of a long coat. We went into Meyer's Department Store; and while she was attending to some little things, I proceeded to look around. My attention

was caught and held by a crowd of school girls, all of whom were busily buying or trying on veils. In the meantime, a newcomer arrived. She was immediately greeted by cries of, "Do you think mine is becoming?" "Must I get a white or a black one?" "Don't you think my hat is too large for this kind?" Across the aisle I saw a very stout woman, gazing rapturously into a mirror. Around her neck was a fluffy tulle neck-piece. Her companion seemed to be trying to dissuade her from this purchase. Whether or not she succeeded I am unable to say, for just at this moment my friend came up and said she was ready to go to the cloak and suit department. As we stepped out of the elevator, I saw some of the same girls who had been downstairs. They were looking at some furs and as we passed one girl said, "I just can't live without a muff another week!" My friend's attention was caught by some very pretty blouses; so that we only had time to look at the coats before she exclaimed, "Mercy, it's nearly one o'clock; if we want any lunch we'll have to catch the next car."

## **An Hour in the Library**

*Ruth Gill, '16, Adelphian*

"An hour in the library!" What visions of peace and rest these words bring before us. Life at the Normal is synonymous with a "rush" and a "hurry". The library is one of the few places where we can be unconscious of the bustle that accompanies the routine of work. If we go there for study, even if our work has been put off and therefore must be finished within a limited time, the perfect stillness makes our thoughts flow freely. The task is usually completed at the right time. The strict discipline of the librarian is the cause of this. For once we are thankful for rules! On the other hand, if we happen to have a spare hour to spend in the library for our own pleasure, we are at once able to lose ourselves to the world around us. No loud talking and, indeed, very little whispering, reaches our ears to disturb us. It is usually the sound of that unavoidable bell that recalls us

and reminds us of duties not done. Then we regretfully close our book and leave the walls which enclose such a wealth of the best the centuries, past and present, have to offer us.

## **The McIver Statue**

*Winifred Beckwith, '17, Cornelian*

Well poised, stately, erect, the figure of Dr. McIver, carved out of bronze, stands a few paces from the building named in his honor. Its position, with one foot thrust forward, as though in the act of taking a step, symbolizes his aim in life, "Progress". A book, held in the right hand, one finger marking the place, indicates the direction of his endeavors, the kind of progress for which he strove. Surely nothing could be more appropriate to the memory of Dr. McIver than this statue. The pose is that of a speaker, a speaker interested in his subject; head thrown back, hand deep in his pocket, he seems so intensely alive, so animated, so powerful, that any audience must have caught his enthusiasm. That which gives life to this work of art, is the face. An open countenance, clear cut features, firm chin, compressed lips and high forehead tell of a noble character and high ideals, of determination and will power, of intelligence and courage. From what I know of Dr. McIver's life, and from what the statue tells me, I think his constant thought must have been those words of Armstrong:

"We are put into the world to make it better, and we must be about our business."

## **Dinner Time in a Factory Town**

*Addie Klutz, '17, Adelphian*

To one who has lived all his life in the country, it would, without doubt, be interesting to spend an hour at noon in a factory town. Suppose such a person is walking down one of the smaller streets of a factory town just as the clock strikes twelve. Suddenly, without any warning, the air is startled



by the shrill notes of a whistle in a certain part of the town. This is immediately followed by a deep rumbling noise from another section. This, in turn, is followed by others, each with its own peculiar tone and pitch, until the air itself seems to be in a state of chaos. One by one the whistles are hushed, until the last vibration dies away. All is quiet again. As our friend passes on down the street, he suddenly finds himself in a sea, as it were, of men, women, boys, and girls, hurrying this way and that. Some are serious, with a tired look; others are bright and cheerful. They pass on; so does our friend. He soon finds himself in front of a large factory. The din of the machinery is hushed. On the ground beneath a tree, an old man sits, eating his lunch from a basket on his knee. Here and there through the windows are seen groups eating their lunches.

Soon the people who went home for lunch are seen returning to the factory, but more slowly than they were seen to leave. The older ones pass on in, while the younger ones gather about the doors for a chat. These, too, are soon called in by the whistle. The air is again confused by the many and varied tones of the different whistles blowing in all sections of the town. As the rumbling of the machinery begins, our friend passes on his way.

## Choosing a Subject for English

*Lorena Kernodle, '16, Adelpgian*

You have been assigned a theme to write for English. You simply must do it, there is no chance of getting around the fact, and you have to do it before tomorrow morning—a fact that is more or less unpleasant. You sit at your table with your head propped on one hand, and with your pencil in the other, idly scratch on your paper, letting your eye wander over a list of subjects appropriate for anything but the sort of theme that is required. Soon your thoughts steal off into other channels and you laugh aloud when you think how Mary sang that morning in vocal music, or how Grace left the class during French recitation because she had, by mistake,

put an indelible pencil in her mouth. And so you ramble aimlessly through the events of the day, until your roommate comes in from practicing and you know that it is nine o'clock. With a start you realize that you have wasted over half of the study hour. Well, the theme simply must be written. With a determined grip of the pencil and set lips, you put on your "thinking cap", and for a few minutes think painfully hard. Why wouldn't it be appropriate to write on "Woman Suffrage" or the "Modern Dances", you think. Just as you are ready to begin a warm discussion of your opinion on "Suffrage", you happen to think that Jennie said she had something *awfully* important to tell you, and your pencil falls hopelessly to your side as you try to imagine what it could possibly be. And so it goes, until, when the bell rings for "fifteen-minute period", you desperately set yourself to work and hurriedly attempt the subject of your choice, "How an English theme should be written."

## The Holland Children's Christmas Song

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[Recited at the Christmas celebration in the Training School by the author, Miss Katharine Gregory, aged eight, a pupil in the second grade.]

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The Holland children at Christmas time  
Sing the following with joyful rhyme :  
“Don't bring us rods and sticks  
Nor such things as stones and bricks.  
But nuts and candy  
And all that's dandy.”  
The real Santa Claus at Christmas brings  
To bad children rods and sticks and things.  
But to good children to their surprise  
Nuts and candy and cakes and pies.  
In America stockings hang in the fireside space  
But little Dutch children their wooden shoes place.  
Then hay and oats in them they pack  
For dear old Santa's Christmas sack.



# State Normal Magazine

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**No. 4**

The Duchess: "O, 'tis love—its love that makes the world go round."

Alice: "I thought it was done by each one's attending to his own business."  
*Alice in Wonderland.*

One would presume, then, that love means attending to the business of others? Attending to your own business plus the business of others, or attending to the business of others minus your own, or having others attend to your business? Only gods or geniuses are capable of the first—and they are profusely thanked. The second class is comprised of lunatics and public nuisances; the third class is—unspeakable. The result of any such proceeding is that the business ultimately goes unattended to. In any case, what becomes of the love?

Alice has answered the riddle. When each one attends to his own business, there will not be much lack of love on this earth. The case is sentimentality vs. common sense. The

question is: When common sense is subtracted from the bargain, how much love have we left? The remainder is a negative quantity. The *verdict* one does not hesitate to decide, but there is yet the problem of defining what is one's own business—there's the rub. But in that we have to depend again upon our common sense. If we pin our faith to that, the world will not find it very difficult to go round.

There is one thing, which if we would all make a practice of  
**NEWSPAPER**      would go a great way toward increasing  
**READING**      our happiness, both here and hereafter. Here  
—our life, with its necessary compactness, has brought about a situation in which one or two dangers are imminent. There's the danger of exaggerating the importance of the little worries that come; there's the greater danger of encroaching upon each other's rights as individuals. We live in our own little circle, think our own little thoughts, talk our own little talk. We judge quickly and intolerantly. If our view were broader, if we could see things in their proper relations, could we not decide things more sanely? If our interests were wider, would we not have more respect for another's rights, more tolerance for another's ideas? Would we not be happier the while?

One means of gaining this broader view is to read the newspapers, to keep up with what the world is doing. Purely for the sake of greater happiness here then, if for no other reason, we should be willing to do this.

Hereafter—away from college we are expected at least to be able to talk intelligently about matters of public interest; then we begin to regret that we failed to do it at college. It is very true that we come to college primarily for the academic work—and we should by no means sacrifice that, but, if we tried hard enough, we might be able to keep up our college work and read the newspapers too. At least, we had best get accustomed to doing this sort of thing, because we will *have* to do it some day, you know—that is, when we *vote*.



# The Contributors' Club

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## Poise Among Our Students

One of the most important effects of college life upon a student is the acquirement of poise. Four years of work and intercourse with other students, four years of necessary self-reliance and independence, should teach the students how to control themselves amid trying circumstances. It is this acquirement of poise by the students individually, which gives strength to the students as a whole, and without which no student body can hope to accomplish lasting results. The self-possession of the Normal girls has been demonstrated several times this year. When the new girls were admitted to the societies, everyone was intensely interested but calm, and as a result the initiations were managed remarkably well. On Good Roads Day, when Dr. Foust gave the students an opportunity to improve the appearance of the campus, every girl worked so energetically that the results were amazing. On the following day, in spite of aching backs and sore arms everyone appeared bright and cheerful. To the Normal girls examinations are not monsters to be feared, but enemies to be attacked and conquered; failures are not signals of defeat, but spurs for more diligent study. On the whole, the Normal girls, individually and collectively, appear to be striving toward perfect poise.

WINIFRED BECKWITH, '17, CORNELIAN.

## Concerning Our College Park

There is a movement on foot among some in the college now to cut out the underbrush and dwarfed, scrubby trees of the park and leave the tall, well-shaped trees standing. The advocates of the "Survival of the Fittest" hope that, when the underbrush is cut from the park, the grass will grow up under the big trees left standing, forming a soft, green carpet fitted for a lounging place. The point we need to consider in discussing this question is the use we are to make of our park, whether it is to be a beautiful city park which all who see will admire, or whether it is to be a simple, quiet place to which we students can retire when we feel the need of quiet and seclusion. It would be very pleasant indeed to go out into the park and lounge on a soft, green carpet on our holidays and other times of leisure during early fall and late spring when the weather permits. On the other hand, there is, at all times, a quiet restfulness in the wildness of the forest. The large trees and underbrush

growing in a tangled mass underneath afford a place of seclusion where we have long enjoyed walking unobserved by others—a place which perhaps in our first days at the college we eagerly sought to shed a few homesick tears unobserved by others—a place whose very wildness has been soothing to one trying to get away for an hour from the maddening throng to return again refreshed. For years the little birds have congregated in our park, nesting in the tangled thickets in the spring time. What will it mean to our little feathered songsters to have their nesting places snatched away from them? They will either have to nest in the high trees—an unnatural nesting place for them, as all who ever notice the great numbers of nests among the low trees and shrubs of the park, know—or they will leave our park and seek other dwelling places. Shall we drive them away from us, or shall we preserve a sheltered place for them? Shall we have a park whose walks are quiet and sheltered from observers on other walks, thickets where the birds sing throughout the year and shrubs and wild flowers grow in profusion, or shall we have an open place where *all the six hundred* may be seen swarming during walking period?

LILA MELVIN, '14, ADELPHIAN.

## The Student Volunteer Band

For the benefit of those students in our college who do not understand what the Student Volunteer Band means, I shall attempt in a few words to explain. A Student Volunteer Band is an organization of students who have signed what is called a "declaration card," which reads as follows: "It is my purpose if God permit, to become a foreign missionary." Only those students who now are, or have been in college, are registered as student volunteers. The purpose of the band is to meet together and discuss ways by which they can best prepare themselves for the work in the foreign field. The Student Volunteer Band works with the Young Women's Christian Association. There seems to be some misunderstanding about the open meetings of the volunteer band. When an open meeting is announced it means that everybody in college is invited to that meeting. There is only one open meeting each month, on the fourth Sunday afternoon at half past four. Closed meetings are held every week; social meetings, the second Saturday in each month. Now just a few words about the work. The Band study a very interesting book—"The Call of the World", by Doubty. Each member of the Band gives a short talk on the chapter assigned her. They also keep up with the work going on in the foreign field, and they do what they can in the way of deputation work, whether it be to teach a mission, Bible, or Sunday school class. Every student should be interested in the Volunteer Band, whether she wishes to be a missionary or not, because it stands for the greatest and most important work in the world.

HATTIE COATS, '16, CORNELIAN.

## Unjust Freight Rates in North Carolina

For a long time North Carolina shippers have complained that the railroads have fixed freight rates, both on goods coming in and going from North Carolina, much higher here than they have, proportionately, in Virginia and other neighboring states. In other words, in comparison to the mileage and volume of freight handled, the railroads have—seemingly arbitrarily—discriminated against North Carolina in favor of surrounding states, particularly Virginia. For instance, the freight rate from Cincinnati to Greensboro, a distance of six hundred and thirty miles, via the Southern Railway, is more than from Cincinnati to Lynchburg, a hundred and fourteen miles farther on.

The North Carolina shippers admit that the Virginia cities give more trade to the railroads, but they contend that where a short haul is part of a long haul, the rates should be in proportion to the mileage, not the volume of trade. To illustrate this, take the case of Greensboro and Lynchburg again: Greensboro is on the direct route from Atlanta to Lynchburg; yet the freight rate from Atlanta to Lynchburg is considerably less than from Atlanta to Greensboro! Conditions like these extend over the whole state to a greater or less degree. It has been estimated that the railroads collect five million dollars from the people of North Carolina in excessive freight rates each year.

The indirect results of these discriminatory freight rates are especially injurious. In the first place they give the wholesale men in Virginia cities a great advantage over those in North Carolina. For since they can get their goods at less cost because of lower freight rates they can afford to underbid the North Carolina man in his own territory. The jobber in Lynchburg, a great center of wholesale houses, can sell grain in High Point cheaper than the Greensboro dealer is able to!

Then too in manufacturing, higher freight rates have injured the economic development of our state. For our manufacturers can neither get the raw material as cheaply as can the Virginia city manufacturers, nor can they sell the finished product at as low a price because they have to pay more to have it taken to the wholesaler. He has to pay more to get it to the retailer who charges more, consequently, to the purchaser, the "consumer". Thus the high freight rates hurt not only the shipper but every North Carolina consumer.

The arguments on both sides of the freight rate question are exceedingly confused. The means advocated through which we may secure lower rates are many and various. The railroads contend that they cannot, in simple justice to themselves, make the rates as low in North Carolina as in Virginia. The contest between them and the shippers bids fair to be even longer and more involved with charge and counter charge. But this much is clear—in demanding that freight rates be lowered some degree, the people of North Carolina are only demanding their just due.

ALICE SAWYER, '15, *ADELPHIAN*.



## An Estimate of the Tariff Bill

The Underwood-Simmons Tariff Bill, which has recently come into effect, settles for the time being one of the nation's great "unsettled questions". The changes of rates in the bill show eighty-six increases of duty, three hundred and seven unchanged rates, and nine hundred and thirty-eight reductions. Of the eighty-six increases fifty-one fall into the chemical schedule which affects balsams and oils. This increase in rates is justified on the ground that the perfumes, into which they are put, will enjoy a high duty, since they are luxuries containing alcohol. The other increased rates fall on other articles classed as luxuries, among which are perfumes, gold and silver wares, precious stones, and furs.

The unchanged rates affect the tobacco, spirits, chemical, agricultural and sundry schedules. The reductions in duty include among others those on raw materials—iron, steel, and wood, woolen goods, and cotton clothing, as well as raw wool and many other foods. It is impossible to give an accurate estimate of the aggregate tariff reductions.

We will not discuss the administrative features of this bill, which are important from their great extension of the ad valorem system to duties; nor will we discuss the clauses which treat of other reductions of duty through reciprocity and retaliatory duties against foreign discrimination, nor the section dealing with the income tax.

This tariff bill, some of the provisions of which we have just mentioned, has been passed at an opportune time. A few years ago our home consumption was so much less than our food products that a tariff was unnecessary, as we had little need of imported goods; but since our demands have now grown, we are forced to call to our aid foreign markets. As any tax on imported material would cause an increase in its price, it is necessary that we either take off this tax or have a very low one, so that our imports may compete with our home products, and since it is practical for them to do so under the new law, merchants in foreign countries may send us supplies and in this way benefit us when our own products are not sufficient for our need.

Another reason why the bill is important is because it benefits all of the people concerned. Tariff legislation has been up to the present time in favor of one class—that of manufacturers. Indeed it used to be said in Washington that the tariff was a "local issue". The problem that we have just had to deal with was how to get the profit from the manufacturer and place it in the hands of the consumer, who has had to pay for all of the former benefits to the manufacturer. After all, the state is always trying to divide the national wealth more equally, and this bill helps it by giving other firms a chance to compete in our trade, from which the consumer is likely to receive greater benefits.

Every new tariff regulation is an experiment which time must test. To it before it is proved successful must be applied two tests: its effect upon industry and its effect upon prices. Considering our recent tariff law we might say that in regard to the first test most industrial leaders

predict a success. The New York Journal of Commerce after interviewing many business men on the subject, printed in one of its issues an article with the following headlines, "Business Men in All Lines Predict Trade Revival". Even the president of the American Woolen Company saw some good in it, for as he said, "Free wool is of inestimable value to the cloth-maker."

As to the second test, its effect upon prices, much has been said pro and con. The danger lies in the expectation of some people for an immediate result; they think they ought to be able to buy a pound of meat cheaper now than before the bill was passed. The Democrats warn us against this mistaken idea, for just as it took many years to build up the conditions and results of the old tariff laws, so must it now take time to notice any apparent results in prices from the present bill. Inasmuch, however, as it "sets business free from the conditions which make monopoly" and gives competition a chance, we may indeed hope for reductions in the prices of some goods in the future as it is competition which regulates prices. The advocates of the bill expect also a benefit to the public from freight rates. It is necessarily hard to show this benefit, occasioned by the saving of the railroad in their purchase of iron and steel, but it would be clear if the Interstate Commerce Commission were to show that this saving would be such an advantage that the proposed increase in freight rates will not be necessary.

And so, although some of us may have our personal opinions as to the value of this bill, we must wait to see the results of its test which will lie in the extent that foreign competition will be balanced by reductions in prices in our country, not through reduced wages, but through the increased efficiency of self-sustaining industries.

GERTRUDE CARRAWAY, '15, CORNELIAN.

## The New Poet Laureate's Christmas Poem

A poem entitled, "Christmas Eve", by Robert Bridges, Great Britain's poet laureate, appeared in the London Times, Dec. 24th, by their Majesties' expressed desire. The poem is in four verses and has the sub title "Pax Hominibus Bonae Voluntatis". The first two stanzas read:

A frosty Christmas eve, when the stars were shining,  
Fared I forth alone, where westward falls the hill,  
And from many a village in the water'd valley  
Distant music reached me, peals of bells a-ringing,  
The constellated sounds ran sprinkling on earth's floor,

As the dark vault above with stars was spangled o'er.  
Then sped my thought to keep that first Christmas of all,  
When the shepherds watching by their folds ere the dawn,

Heard music in the fields, and marveling, could not tell  
Whether it were angels or the bright stars singing.

The poem is cast in the form adopted by the first recorded predecessor of the laureate in 1340, namely, Germanic rhythm, based upon alliteration and a central pause, the most familiar illustration of which is in "The Vision of Piers the Plowman".—*Adapted from the Greensboro Daily News.*



## Young Women's Christian Association Notes

*Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpgian*

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The annual Christmas Bazaar was held in the gymnasium on the evening of December 12. Besides the usual Association booths of fancy work, candy, ice cream, toys, and a bargain counter, the Student Volunteer Band had a foreign booth where articles from foreign lands could be purchased. The calendars this year were especially unique, being a cut of the Woman's Building in sepia tints on a background of dark brown. These calendars are handmade, being the work of Ruth Johnston and her committee. The proceeds from the bazaar will be used for sending delegates to the Blue Ridge Conference held at Black Mountain in June of each year.

A Thanksgiving offering of over fifteen dollars was sent to the Masonic Orphanage at Oxford this year.

The following proposition has come from the Young Men's Christian Association of the State A. and M. College to the Association here; that the two Associations together build a seven hundred fifty dollar cottage at Black Mountain to be used by the delegates from the two colleges at the meetings of the Association conferences at Black Mountain each summer. This would be possible, since the Young Women's Christian Associations meet before the Young Men's Christian Associations do. Our Association is now considering the proposition from the A. and M.

Several of the Sunday vesper services for the fall have had an unusually large attendance, among them being Dr. Foust's address at the first meeting at the beginning of the year; Dr. Weatherford's illustrated lecture on the "Negro Problem in the South"; Mr. W. C. Jackson's Thanksgiving address, and the address by Mr. W. C. Smith, editor of the Missionary Survey, on "Our Responsibility and Opportunity in Relation to our Talents," which was given on the evening of December 7. At this service special music was furnished by Mr. Brown at the organ, and the college choir.

While here, Mr. Smith was the guest of his niece, Katherine Lapsley.

The service on the evening of December 14th was led by Dr. L. B. McBrayer, of Asheville, Sallie McBrayer's father, who spoke on "What Would a Man Give in Exchange for His Health". The college orchestra, under Mr. Brockmann's direction, furnished special music for the service.

The program for the Sunday vesper service, December 21st, was given by the college choir, assisted by Miss Katheryn M. Severson, soprano; Mrs. Wade R. Martin, contralto; Miss Alliene R. Minor, pianist; and Charles J. Brockmann, violinist, and Wade R. Brown, organist.

Of all the program one of the most delightful numbers was the carol, "Silent Night", which the choir sang softly. In was in this number especially that the presence of a master hand in training the singers was evidenced. The singing came in waves of varying power through various combinations of voice, and throughout there was perfect unison.

The program was as follows:

Organ prelude.

Processional, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

Invocation.

Hymn, "O, Come, All Ye Faithful, Joyful and Trumphant."

Cantique de Noel, Adam.

Responsive reading.

Gloria Patri.

Scripture lesson.

Hymn, "Angels from the Realms of Glory."

Prayer.

Carol, "Silent Night", Old German.

"Le Sommeil de l'Enfant Jesus", Busser, violin, piano, organ.

Contralto solo, "Tryste Noel", Lang.

Anthem, "O, Sing to God", Gounod.

Benediction with choral response.

Recessional "From the Eastern Mountains."

The devotions were led by Miss Maude Bunn, president of the Association; Miss Miller, general secretary, and President Foust.

The Wednesday evening services for December were as follows: December 3—Fannie Robertson on "Being a Neighbor"; December 10—Missionary committee, under the leadership of the Student Volunteer Band on "Christmas in Many Lands". December 17—Miss Coit.

It has been customary for this Association to send a box of toys to one of the state orphanages each year just before Christmas. This year a box of toys was sent to Miss Watt, of Del Rio, in Tennessee, for the little mountain boys and girls at Del Rio.

The Association sent a box of clothing for the boys and girls of her neighborhood to Mrs. Sloop, of Crossmore, in the mountains of the western part of the state.

Mr. Logan, United States Marshal, who was a guest of his niece, Sadie McBrayer, on Sunday, December 14th, attended the Association service with Dr. McBrayer, the speaker for the evening.



## Society Notes

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### With the Adelphians

*Annie V. Scott, '14, Adelphian*

The Adelphian Society held a regular meeting on the evening of December 12th. The program for the evening consisted of a lecture on debating by Miss Annie Petty. The lecture was a helpful discussion of the methods, form, and benefits of debating. This lecture was followed by a debate on the subject: "Resolved, that hereafter our annual debates should be co-society instead of inter-society." Cora John and Hallie Beavers discussed the affirmative side of this question, while Margaret Smith and Irene Robbins contended for the negative. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

A very pleasing dramatization of "David Copperfield" was presented at the regular meeting of the Adelphian Society on the evening of December 19th. The dramatization of five acts was made by members of the society. The cast of characters was as follows:

David—a youth .....	Kathleen Erwin
David—a suitor and husband .....	Hildah Mann
Dora .....	Lizzie Fuller
Agnes—a little girl .....	Kate Jones
Agnes—A young woman .....	Gladys Avery
Miss Trotwood .....	Frances Summerrell
Misses Penlow .....	Iris Council, Daisy Hendley
Uriah Heep .....	Annie Humbert
Mr. Wickfield .....	Octavia Jordan
Janet—Miss Trotwood's maid .....	Alice Robbins
Traddles .....	Mabel Cooper
Mr. Murdstone .....	Margaret Harper
Miss Murdstone .....	Mary Gwynn

### With the Cornelians

*Annie E. Bostian, '14, Cornelian*

After the regular meeting of the Cornelian Literary Society, December 5th, 1913, an impromptu debate was held. The query was, "Resolved, That inter-society debating in our college should be abol-

ished''. Misses Carey Wilson and Mary Worth upheld the affirmative while Flora Garrett and Willie May Stratford were the speakers on the negative. The affirmative side won.

The literary exercises of the Cornelian Society for the night of December 19th, 1913, was a Christmas program. After the business meeting a group of children gathered around the beautifully decorated Christmas tree which had been placed in the front of the society hall. As the children were singing and dancing around the tree, Old Santa Claus and Ma Santa Claus came into the room bringing a pack of goodies. Santa and the children distributed the packages while a select choir and the society sang Christmas carols. All too soon we were obliged to bid Mr. and Mrs. Santa good night.



# Among Ourselves

*Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian*

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At a meeting of the State Library Association in Washington, N. C., last month, Miss Annie Petty, of Greensboro, our college librarian, was elected president—this being the second time that Miss Petty has been chosen for the office. While this Association has only existed for ten years it has been very effectual in bringing the state libraries and librarians much closer together. It is, also, largely responsible for the creation of the State Library Commission, which is to the libraries of the state just what the Department of Education is to the schools.

The college library has recently received a much appreciated gift from Mr. Ceasar Cone, of Greensboro. This donation, consisting of over forty volumes dealing with the literature, history, and religion of the Jew, will increase the efficiency of our reference department.

Handsome illustrated sets of Byron, Burns, and Browning have also been added to the library. These constitute a nucleus for a collection to be placed in the Standard Authors' Room, which is now being planned.

Friday, December 12th, was Mothers' Day at the Training School. when all the mothers of the Training School children were invited to come together to view the children's handiwork and to discuss matters of community interest. Miss Nash extended the welcome to the guests, assuring them that their visits to the school are always desired, and that their co-operation is needed. Mrs. Weatherspoon gave a description of the children's work in lettering, block-printing, stencilling, etc. The drawing of all the grades from one to seven, was exhibited; lettering and block-printing done by the seventh and eighth grades occupied one room, and stencilling done by the sixth grade was also shown. Miss Spier outlined a scheme for community betterment, that health and comfort might be more generally provided. It was suggested that committees of ladies make systematic canvasses to ascertain the place and nature and cause of illnesses, with the purpose of cleaning up any dirty lots in the community and of securing co-operation for advancement. During the afternoon, tea was served by members of the Senior Class.

At the meeting, Mary Worth, representing the Junior Class, announced that a plan had been determined upon by that class to serve hot lunches at the noon hour to the children of the Training School. For five cents the children may obtain a bowl of hot soup, or three sandwiches, or a cup of chocolate and a sandwich. The mothers expressed great interest in the plan.



On Saturday evening, December 13th, Myron W. Whitney, the popular American basso, appeared at the college in song recital, assisted by Miss Marguerite Valentine, the English pianist. Mr. Whitney's many tours of this country as associate artist with Madame Nordica, his many recital engagements, together with his long tour of the south last season, have made his name familiar in the music world. Miss Valentine, though she has been in America only a short time, has already attained much fame and popularity here.

The annual hockey tournament was played during the week from Friday, December 12th till Wednesday, December 17th. The first game was between the Freshmen and the Preparatories, the preps winning. On Monday the Sophomores and Juniors played, the Juniors winning. Tuesday the winning team of Friday was defeated by the Seniors. Thus the final game was between the Seniors and Juniors, the Seniors winning with a score of 2 to 1. Effie Baynes, president of the Athletic Association, then awarded the Bell trophy cup to the Class of 1914.

After the final game of the tournament, the Senior team was pleasantly entertained at supper by the Junior team.

On Saturday afternoon, December 20th, in the college auditorium, Miss Severson and Miss Sousley entertained the Euterpe Club of Greensboro. A delightful program of Christmas music was given by the club, assisted by Mr. Wade R. Brown, organist, and by the college choir.

On Saturday evening, December 20th the German department celebrated Christmas in truly German fashion. At the invitation of a chorus, singing "Ihr Kinderlein Kommet", the guests and members of the German department assembled in the Physics Lecture Room. The Christmas tree, decorated according to the customs of the fatherland, was watched over by two Christmas angels bearing the ribbon scroll of "Glory to God in the Highest". The company sang other German Christmas songs, "Stille Nacht" and "O Tannenbaum". After the German Christmas confections had caused much marvelling and much delight, the party went serenading, and at last, with many thanks to Fraulein Reincken, the party broke up with a gay *auf weidersehen*.

Late Monday night, December 22nd, at the mystic hour of "after light bell", the Seniors serenaded, singing many of the old familiar Christmas carols. Again at breakfast on Tuesday morning, the last day of school in 1913, as the students were beginning their breakfast, the Seniors, from outside the dining-room, again sang the carols. And thus began the joyful day of exodus and homegoing.



# Exchanges

*Julia Canaday, '15, Cornelian*

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In examining the exchanges on our desk for this month we find among the high school magazines *The Tatler* and *The Black and Gold*. The exterior of these magazines is especially attractive; while the contents of each is by no means disappointing. In the former "Grandfather's Ghost Story" and "The Youngest Member of the Band" are well written and entertaining—both far surpassing a great many of the stories found in our college magazines. It is full time that our college magazines wake up to the fact that, unless we are willing to be outstripped by some of the high school magazines, we must arouse ourselves to action.

The December number of *The Wesleyan* begets in us a real Christmas spirit, the articles "The Giver" and "Christmas Ghosts" being especially good. The poem, "Christmas", has a truly musical, Christmas-like tone. While reading it we can almost hear the tinkling of the sleigh bells and the scampering of the reindeer feet.

The Christmas number of *The Yellow Jacket* contains three interesting stories: "Circumstantial Evidence," "The Mystery of the Mechanical Man", and "Ivon Baro Rides Modoc to Celery Farm". We are pleased to note that this magazine has inaugurated, in addition to its athletic department, a department of dramatics. We think that it would be well for more of our magazines to have these departments.

The November number of *The Focus* contains a delightful little story entitled, "For What We Are About to Receive". The description in the first part is very good; and the story as a whole is well handled. The eternal feminine is well portrayed in the character, "Daisy". Another story, "Tom the Ticker", is full of interest and contains a pleasing bit of humor. The sketch entitled "Darn", is exceptionally good, the author revealing an unusual understanding of child nature in the character of "Tommy".



# In Lighter Vein

*Edith C. Haight, '15, Adelphian*

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Junior (regretfully): "I am rather sorry I don't have math. this year. I miss it."

Sophomore (dryly): "Well, I have it, but I miss it, too."

Special (excitedly, while watching the hockey game between the Sophomores and Juniors): "I heard Miss McAllester say 'bully' when one of the Sophomores knocked the ball out. I wouldn't call that a good play; I thought that was a foul."

In English, (Miss D., after an explanation of the "curfew bell"): "What do we have up here that corresponds to the curfew bell?"

L. S.: "Light bell."

Enthusiastic "Prep." talking of the Thanksgiving debate. "That last debuttal was the best I ever heard."

New girl to Junior: "How much do you charge for that ministerial show you are going to give tonight?"

In French, Miss H.: "You will see 'à' used with 'commencer' ninety-nine times out of a hundred. I don't believe I have ever come across 'de' used with it in all my reading."

M. S.: "I have used it in my papers."

Miss X.: "Who was Miriam?"

A. B.: "I don't know anything about her except that she was Joseph's sister."

D. S.: "I declare the 'prep.' course is the hardest course up here."

Two new girls entering the Students' Building: "Isn't that statue of Minerva pretty?"

"That's not Minerva, that's Athena."

H. E. (breathlessly): "I ran up these stairs so fast I am exhausted. I believe I am almost fatigued."

Extract from a Junior's English note-book: "Poetry cleanseth a man."

Her instructor's marginal comment: "Soap?"

Jackson, chief cook, wishes to take "a course in domestic of science at Pratt Institute".

In the Registrar's Office: "M, you should study your German more."

M. (disconsolately): "Well, I study it just as hard as I can and then I wish you could hear me."

"We're always careful about these contiguous diseases," said Mrs. Lapsling. "When Johnny got well of the measles we bought some sulphur candles and disconcerted the house from top to bottom."—*Chicago Tribune*.

State Normal College,  
Greensboro, N. C.,  
December 12th, 1913.

Miss Mary Taylor Moore, Registrar,  
State Normal College,  
Greensboro, N. C.

My dear Miss Moore: I was late to English on Wednesday, the tenth, because I couldn't run any faster.

Very truly yours,

.....

Reporter: "We are so interested in your book, 'We Wish to be Admired Only for Our Brains', that we would like to publish your photo in our paper."

Madame: "Heavens! Wait a moment, while I put on another hat. This one is so unbecoming."—*Pele Mele*.

"Who is that man over there—the one counting his fingers?"

"That's Blobbs, the poet. But he isn't counting his fingers; he's counting his feet."—Judge.

B. P.: "How many men in a quartet?"

D. D.: "I think 'In Lighter Vein' is better this month, don't you?"

A. B.: "Oh, I don't ever read continued stories."

The Sunday School teacher had read the day's Scripture lesson to the class, and she began asking questions to see how attentively the young girls had followed her.

"And what," she asked, "is the lesson taught us in the parable of the seven wise virgins?"

Eleven-year-old Ruth held up her hand. "That we should always be on the lookout for a bridegroom."

In response to our questioning as to the success of the woman minister, in what it consists and how far it can be attributed to her sex, a southern brother writes of one:

"She was 'peculiarly successful' in getting married to the Methodist minister of the town; and this I 'attribute to her sex'."—*Congregationalist*.

### A LESSON FROM THE FLY

Early one morning I 'woke from my doze,  
 I early awoke, I early arose,  
 The reason, I guess you will doubtless suppose  
 Was to murder that fly that alit on my nose.  
 Oh, the poor little fly, its life only shows,  
 A desire to make of its friends only foes,  
 To bother, torment, and always propose  
 A pleasure trip ending on somebody's nose.  
 I wonder if we, in our lives do disclose,  
 A spirit that's kind to friends and to foes;  
 Or bother we others, and add to their woes,  
 Like the fly that so oft doth alight on my nose.

*Genevieve Moore, '17, Cornelian.*

A clerk in a Chicago book store was surprised not long ago when a young lady came into the store and said to him:

"I want to buy a present of a book for a young man."

"Yes, miss," said he. "What kind of a book do you want?"

"Why, a book for a young man."

"Well, but what kind of a young man?"

"Oh, he's tall and has light hair, and he always wears blue neckties."  
 —*St. Louis Mirror*.

An old lady who saw "The Merchant of Venice" many years ago recently witnessed a modern production of the same play. When asked how she liked it, she replied: "Well, Venice seemed to have been spruced up a bit since the first time I saw it, but that Shylock's just the same mean, ordinary thing he was forty years ago."—*Boston Transcript*.

Aunt Agnes: "Well, Ethel, I hear you're studying English history. Have you got as far as the Crusades yet?"

Ethel: "Yes."

Aunt Agnes: "Then can you tell me what a Pilgrim is?"

Ethel: "A holy tramp."—*Puck*.

## ORGANIZATIONS

### Marshals

Chief—Willie May Stratford, Mecklenburg County

#### Adelphian

Fannie Robertson .... Robeson County  
 Mary Green ..... Davidson County  
 Nina Garner ..... Carteret County  
 Edith Avery ..... Burke County  
 Kathleen Erwin . Transylvania County

#### Cornelian

Jeannette Musgrove .. Halifax County  
 Sarah P. Shuford ... Catawba County  
 Marguerite Brooks .. Guilford County  
 Mary Worth .... New Hanover County  
 Louise Whitley ..... Stanly County

### Students' Council

Willie May Stratford ..... President      Ruth Harris ..... Vice-President  
 Annie Spainhour ..... Secretary

### Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

#### Senior Class

Marguerite Brooks ..... President      Bessie Craven ..... Secretary  
 Emma Wilson ..... Vice-President      Pearl Temple ..... Treasurer  
 Gladys Goodson ..... Critic

#### Junior Class

Gertrude Carraway ..... President      Annie Albright ..... Secretary  
 Mabel Cooper ..... Vice-President      Alice Sawyer ..... Treasurer  
 Elizabeth Horton ..... Critic

#### Sophomore Class

Flora Garrett ..... President      Lucy Hatch ..... Secretary  
 Kate Mae Streatman .. Vice-President      Annie Beam ..... Treasurer  
 Rose Blakeney ..... Critic

#### Freshman Class

Katherine Lapsley ..... President      Carrie Goforth ..... Secretary  
 Genevieve Moore ..... Vice-President      Juanita McDougal ..... Treasurer  
 Pauline Williams ..... Critic

### Y. W. C. A.

Maude Bunn ..... President      Kathleen Erwin ..... Secretary  
 Lila Melvin ..... Vice-President      Edith C. Haight ..... Treasurer

### Athletic Association

Effie Baynes ..... President      Frances Morris . Freshman Vice-Pres.  
 Louise Alexander .. Senior Vice-Pres.      Mary Gwynn ..... Secretary  
 Hallie Beavers ..... Junior Vice-Pres.      Margaret Sparger ..... Treasurer  
 Esther Mitchell .. Sophomore V.-Pres.      Frances Summerell ..... Critic